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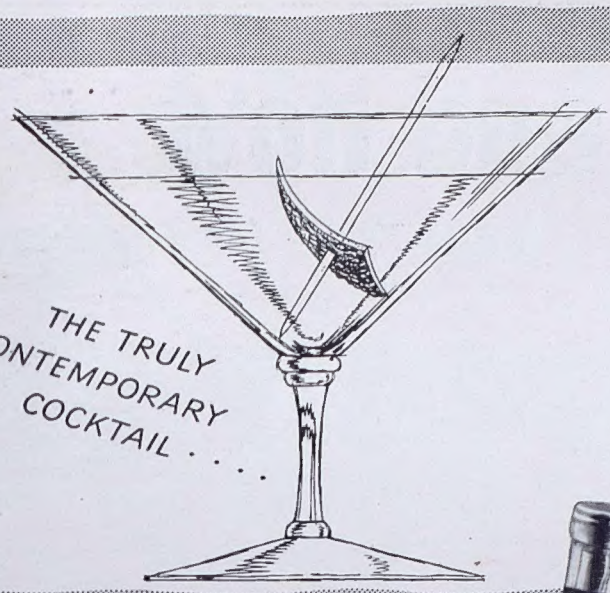

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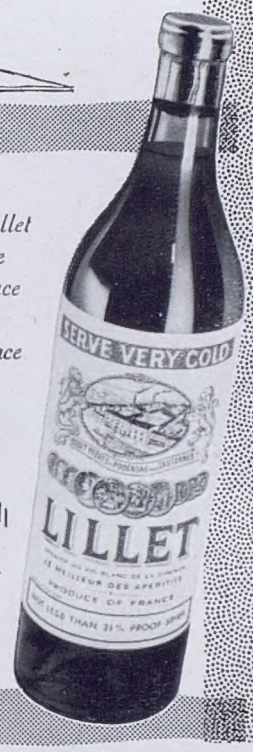

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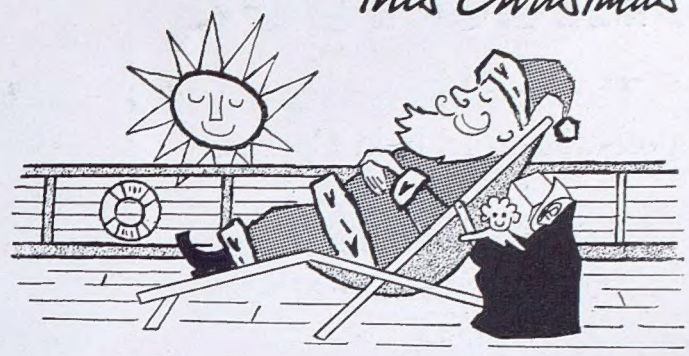

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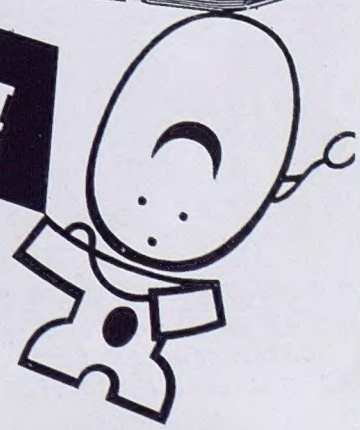

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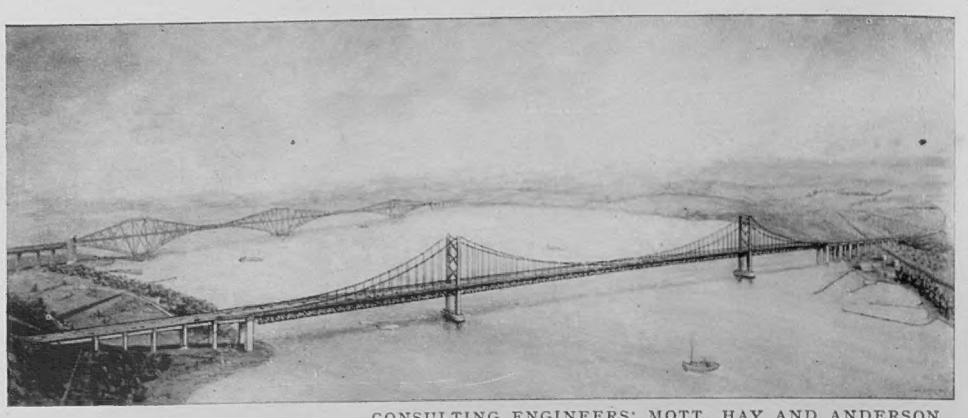

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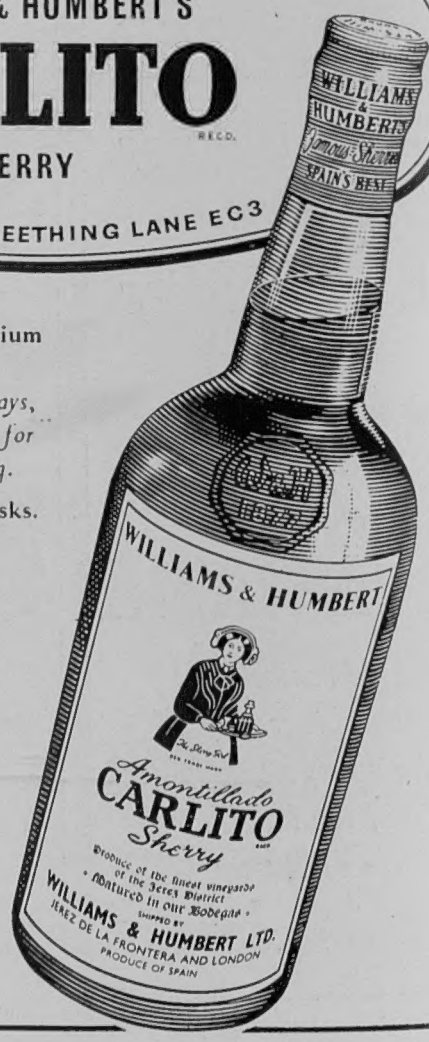

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Volume CCXXXIV No. 3052 The SPHERE, London September 27 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL—COMMONWEALTH NUCLEAR SCIENTISTS ENTERTAINED TO LUNCH : With some of the scientists from all parts of the Commonwealth, the Queen walks in the grounds of Balmoral Castle. After luncheon last Saturday, the party was shown round by the Queen, Prince Philip, and Princess Margaret. On Sunday, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were accompanied by Mr. Macmillan when they attended morning service at Crathie Church.

At the suggestion of Mr. Macmillan, forty Commonwealth scientists visited Britain last week, during which they saw atomic power stations throughout the country. The idea originated at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers Conference in 1957 in London. The gathering was arranged for last week since the nuclear scientists were in Europe, at the Geneva Conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy. Starting with an inaugural meeting at Harwell, the scientists from every part of the Commonwealth except Malaya attended a dinner given by the Atomic Energy Authority in Oxford. Subsequently they inspected the new atomic power station at Bradwell-on-Sea, in Essex. They then flew in a Viscount to the R.A.F. station at Silloth, in Cumberland. It was believed to be the first time a Viscount had ever landed on the airfield. From the station they visited Calder Hall. Later they flew to Wick to see the power station at Dounreay. (A picture of the Commonwealth scientists, at Bradwell-on-Sea, is on page 472.)

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THE COMPLETION OF RESTORATION WORK ON A FAMOUS HOUSE IN PALL MALL: Schomberg House has been restored to its original appearance after a period of 100 years. In 1774 Thomas Gainsborough took up residence at the house, where his reputation as a painter reached its height. During the war Schomberg House served as a Government department. Now it is used as offices.

SKYSCRAPERS SPRING UP IN LONDON: The view of part of the new housing estate at Roehampton Lane shows some of the multi-storey flats which are being constructed by Wates Limited. The £2,700,000 contract is part of a larger London County Council scheme of 1,870 dwellings on a site covering nearly 100 acres between Richmond Park and Roehampton Lane, in the south-west corner of Wimbledon Common. The overall density of the estate is twenty-eight dwellings (100 persons) to the acre

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Golden Wedding.—The nation, Commonwealth and most of the world shared the pride and pleasure of the golden wedding of Sir Winston and Lady Churchill, and the messages of congratulation must have broken records. Inevitably, mine comes late, but I should be sorry not to join in the goodwill and good wishes. "Reader, I married and lived happily ever after." The last words were a prophecy written when Sir Winston was still a young man on the first rung of the political ladder. Yet he never made a shrewder prophecy, and perhaps it is a sign of the times that, in the case of a man who has achieved in a long life triumphs so dazzling and world-wide and breath-taking, so much should have been made of his domestic achievement—fifty years of ideal married life. The cynic may say that that, indeed, is nowadays among the rarest of triumphs. I well remember his wedding-day and the (then) remarkable publicity it received. Nowadays a very minor "socialite" on her wedding-day would regard such attentions of the Press as a mere cold-shouldering. A man must marry younger by far than did Sir Winston if he is to celebrate a golden wedding reasonably close to man's allotted span. Sir Winston waited to do so when thirteen years beyond the psalmist's limit. But what is eighty-three nowadays? In his case certainly not "second childishness and mere oblivion." Was not Lord Cecil of Chelwood ninety-four on September 14, and the head of my own family ninety years old? There are giants in these days as of old.

Onward, Christian Tories.—The Tories returned to power in 1951 under the banner and on the slogan of liberty or freedom for the individual to improve his lot and use his talents, while taking care of his weaker brethren. The slogan is renewed in the new recruiting campaign. Britain is great and must remain great; her people are to grow even more united; her way of life must be and remain based on the dignity and liberty of the individual. It is true that liberty and freedom have often been given hard names and accused of criminal practices, and much that has troubled us on the world's face since 1951 has somehow come about from men's exaggerated notions of what degrees of liberty and freedom are allowed to an individual. The Tories interpret liberty as freedom within the law and freedom kept in check by a measure of thought for others. No one can quarrel with that definition. In a recruiting campaign prospectus, we all read between the lines for bonus hints, and some sections of a united nation read between those lines some not-far-distant prospect of a levelling-up, so that all classes of a united nation may more equally share the sweets and the thorns of a way of life in which thought for others and sympathy with the weaker brethren cost so much money that everybody cannot hope to have on his plate at every meal as much as he can eat, with something over for the dog. Onward with the Christian Tories, until a property-owning democracy is united in fellowship and contentment. If you know of a better road, you will no doubt take it. There is probably no short cut anywhere on the map. And (they say) it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive, which no generation of men have ever yet done.

Plans for 1959.—Mr. Macmillan has rejected a snap autumn election. It would not be cricket and, historically, "non-cricket" elections do not pay. An election in 1958 would interfere with progress and might upset the advance of our gold and dollar reserves. We are all getting richer and more comfortable amid the snags and foreseeable obstacles, and if no new spanners are thrown into the world's works, Mr. Macmillan may grow even more popular than he is to-day. Anyway, it is better not to risk the chance of a new pilot in 1958 while so many disclosed and hidden shoals and rocks remain to be negotiated at home and abroad. So you can begin to plan your holidays and arrange your dates for 1959. A General Election is possible in May or early autumn. The Queen will be in Canada in June and July or part of both months. Most of the royalties will also be on their travels during the season. The "socialites," therefore, must expect an unusually colourless "season" which may include a General Election in May and certainly six weeks of an empty Buckingham Palace. A fine, early summer is at least probable on averages and it might be well to choose the latter half of June for holidays. May and September may be spoilt by a General Election, and as it will be a very important one, many people on the beaches might feel the call of duty to their home polling booths. To know that 1958 will be free of a General Election is a comfort to almost all of us—not least to the Socialist political planners. For if Mr. Macmillan has or has not yet reached the apex of his popularity, Mr. Gaitskell's band of brothers are in great need of new ideas and nostrums if they are to win the wobblers over to buy a new broom.

New Brooms Must Sweep Clean.—A new Lord Chief Justice and a new head of Scotland Yard are coming to office at a time when crime in the big cities seems to us to have reached a new "high" and to create a need to tackle this grave problem by totally new thinking and policy. Of course, statistics may dismiss the claim. The sums of money stolen every year are assessed in millions. In three days recently I gathered from the headlines that something like £40,000 was taken from private owners and banks, post offices and firms. It may well be that the "headlines" are responsible for a general

INTERPOL CONFERENCE IN LONDON: *Left*—The scene in Church of Interpol, the International Police Organisation, of Liberia. The conference was attended by detectives

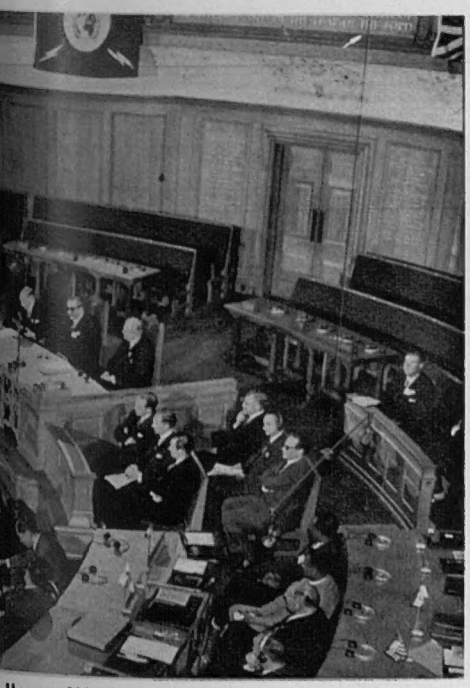
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE NEW HOUSING ESTATE AT ROEHAMPTON: A skyscraper block towers above a row of houses for old people. A feature of the planning is the retention of the original landscape and the harmonious blending of new buildings with a number of buildings of historic interest nearby, which have been preserved and brought into the development.

WORK ON THE NASH TERRACES: The view is of Someries House which, together with the terrace of ten houses in Cambridge Gate, is to be demolished by the owners, the Crown Estate Commissioners. Some of the buildings comprising the famous Nash terraces, in Regent's Park, are to be preserved.

belief that these crimes and riots are alarmingly on the increase and that the police are not "on top," just as the headlines may account for a belief that lightning is more dangerous than when the Elizabethans feared "the all-dreaded thunderstone." Be that as it may, things are bad enough in the criminal world, and though Mr. Butler is still confident that the police *are* "on top" of the criminals, the new brooms will have plenty to do. Lord Parker is a choice welcomed by Bench, Bar and public. He has youth and a great reputation to help him. Within the law, he can issue directives to the judges and magistrates of the land that lawlessness must now receive—prison congestion notwithstanding—the utmost rigour which the law allows. Mr. Justice Salmon's sentences on nine Notting Hill thugs is a clear proof that no reign of terror in London streets will be tolerated. And Scotland Yard—despite its handicaps—must devise or suggest new methods of using its available forces to combat serious crime and of employing "irregulars" to cope with parking and minor traffic offences. London and our big cities must not much longer endure comparison with the Chicago underworld at its worst.

Ockham Park Estates.—Towards the end of October the Ockham Park Estates of the late Lady Wentworth will be auctioned. I had no idea that they comprised as much as 5,000 acres, including the house and park at Ripley, fifteen fine farms, seventeen private houses, scores of cottages and the famous Hautboy Hotel, with a total rent roll of £16,000 per annum. No doubt the process of suburbanisation has been going on for years, but I wonder if this great sale will quickly step-up the subtopianisation of the country between Ripley and Cobham which even now retains many of the rural charms of Edwardian days. I occasionally stayed at Ockham Park when Mary, Lady Lovelace, reigned there. The shooting was quite good, and the setting as rural as one could wish. "Reigned" is the right word, for Lady Lovelace was a benevolent dictator whose word was law and whose interest was extended over every aspect of life on her broad acres. Within the house were stored the many relics of Byron, about which she could speak with great authority, and her dictatorship was as obvious inside the house as outside. Smoking, for instance: her house regulations were trenchantly announced and enforced, and once at least cost her the friendship of a great literary lion and a rare snub as well. For, invited to roar, he decided that there could be no literary fireworks without smoke. She was a Stuart Wortley who married, as his second wife, Ralph, Earl of Lovelace (thirteenth Baron Wentworth), Byron's grandson. He died in 1906. His widow lived on until 1941 behind the golden gates at the entry to Ripley.

An Unsolved Problem.—The problem of the disposal of radioactive and infinitely dangerous waste—the "sewage" from atomic reactors and power plants—is unsolved and will remain unsolved for years. The oceans cannot yet safely receive it, the earth rejects it as dangerous, and nothing remains in the estimable future but to box it in sealed tanks. That is a fearful thought which might create a steel problem of its own. For the problem is not created by nuclear armament alone. That might, if it were so, give grounds for hope that common sense may prevail among the atom stock-pilers, the nuclear armament fraternity. It is also a problem of peace and sanity. It is an "Atoms for Peace" problem, and no one wishes that *that* advance should be halted, when the older forms of fuel for power naturally grow less or remain politically uncertain. It seems, therefore, that science must give priority to discovering some method of neutralising the inherent dangers in nuclear waste, and the man who first finds a proven remedy will be a benefactor of civilisation. Meanwhile, metal storage tanks must be built and filled and sealed to cumber the ground.



House, Westminster, as Mr. R. A. Butler, Home Secretary, welcomes delegates to the twenty-seventh General Assembly *Right*—Mr. Donald Fish, of the International Air Transport Association (left), greets Mr. Joseph Chesson, Solicitor-General and senior police officers from fifty-nine countries. During the week, delegates attended social functions.

Definition of a "Porter."—It is odd to learn that there never was a definition of a railway porter's duties *vis-à-vis* the travelling public. According to the Southern Section's recent ruling—now overruled by Sir Brian Robertson—the porter could interpret his charter as he pleased. Always he had other duties concerned with the running of the trains and the dispatch of freight. Whether in old days, those duties, outside the passenger's convenience, were lighter than to-day, or whether in old days the porter really needed the tips, or whether to-day there are fewer porters about, I do not know. When I used the railways, which I have long ceased to do, I got my porterage done without delay and very cheaply. I gave up travelling on the Southern because I dislike carrying even a light suit-case and found myself compelled to do so. It seemed then to me a clear case for a new title to be given to a porter on the lines of the "rodent operator," not indeed as a face-saver to a public servant but for mere guidance to the public, who for so many decades regarded a porter as one who carries. Now perhaps, after Sir Brian's ruling, which the Southern reluctantly accepts, no change of definition to a more aristocratic or bureaucratic title will be necessary. But it will still be the porter's right to decide if more pressing railway duty would interfere with his consideration for the traveller. But, if he has a kind heart (as often enough he clearly has), he will hump your grip and take your tip even if the money is mere chicken-feed. Therefore, "travel Southern" again, with modified hope of relief.

"The Lost Are Found Again."—With surprise, almost embarrassing, the lost summer was found in mid-September, and caught me on the wrong foot, but otherwise grateful, in South Devon. For the first time this year the summer warmth and scents came in through the window as I shaved, and in the distance a calm and deep blue sea sparkled. I regretted my summer suits folded away and written-off for 1958. As for the harvest, it hummed like giant cicadas from morning to night as field after field of corn was bared, and before the heat-wave was half over, one or two neighbouring farms were able thankfully to celebrate harvest home. *Nil desperandum* is the farmer's slogan. Sidmouth, Budleigh, Torquay, and Lyme all clearly obtained an extension of the holiday season. If the schoolchildren had been called elsewhere to sterner duties, the middle-aged still revelled and drank deep of the sweets of summer, and I never before saw so many dark-brown torsos of elderly ladies as were disposed before the sea walls on Sidmouth's pebbly strand. The swallows dutifully delayed departure, knowing that it takes more than two to make a summer, and for once I was not sorry *not* to be tramping the roots and stubbles after the sparse coveys of partridges.

THE OLD STAGER

RIVAL YACHTS IN THE RACES FOR ONE OF YACHTING'S MOST COVETED TROPHIES—THE AMERICA'S CUP: *Left*—The crew on board *Columbia*, the American yacht chosen from four contenders for the defence of the cup, test the mainsail during the last trial run prior to the first race at Newport, Rhode Island. *Right*—Throwing up a heavy spray from her bow, Britain's *Sceptre* heels over as she surges through the choppy water during a final test run. In the first race of the series, the American defender had a convincing win over *Sceptre*.

"SCEPTRE" VERSUS "COLUMBIA"

Radio Pictures of the First Race in the Series for the America's Cup

In yacht racing there are so many imponderables that the rôle of prophet is always hard. After the defeat of Britain's 12-metre *Sceptre* in the first race in the series for the America's Cup it was, therefore, impossible to dismiss, as some did, *Sceptre* as a complete failure. The British challenger did nothing that was tactically wrong. She lost in conditions for which she was not designed. In light, variable winds it took *Columbia* 5 hours, 13 minutes and 50 seconds to cover the 24-mile course at Newport, Rhode Island. She crossed the finishing line 7 minutes and 44 seconds ahead of her rival.

The time limit for the race was 6 hours and although the American yacht never lost the lead which she took from the start it looked, at one time, as though the limit would run out and *Sceptre* saved by the race being declared void. Within an hour of the start, *Columbia* had a lead of about 400 yards and when this was increased to about 1,500 yards interest in the race dwindled considerably. It was at this stage, however, that *Sceptre* showed her great potentialities. She put out an enormous spinnaker, twice the size of that carried by the American boat, and although the crew had difficulty in keeping it pulling in light air, *Sceptre* slowly began to close the gap until she was only about 115 yards from the defender.

Then disaster overtook her. The wind dropped and her spinnaker collapsed into the water. Afterwards, spokesman for both yachts agreed that the first race was not a conclusive test of the boats in view of the light and variable winds. Because time ran out, the second race was declared void. The trophy goes to the first of the two yachts to win four races.

For more than a year both the defenders and challengers for the historic trophy have been preparing for the event. The cup itself, which was won by the schooner *America* at Cowes in 1851, has been in the possession of the United States ever since. This is the seventeenth challenge for it, fifteen of which have come from Britain and two from Canada. *Sceptre* is the first challenger for twenty-one years. The sixteenth race was sailed in 1937 when *Endeavour II* lost decisively to *Ranger*.

AT THE START OF THE FIRST OF THE SERIES OF RACES AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND: The American defender and the British challenger are enclosed in a ring of destroyers and other assorted craft, packed with spectators, as they make their way to the starting point. The overall length of *Columbia* is 69 ft. 7 ins., with a 45-ft. waterline, and 12-ft. beam and 8-ft. draught. Her sail area is about 1,900 ft. *Sceptre* is 68·9 ft. overall, 46·5 ft. on the waterline, and has a breadth of 11·82 ft. She is 7·7 ft. deep and draws 9·1 ft.

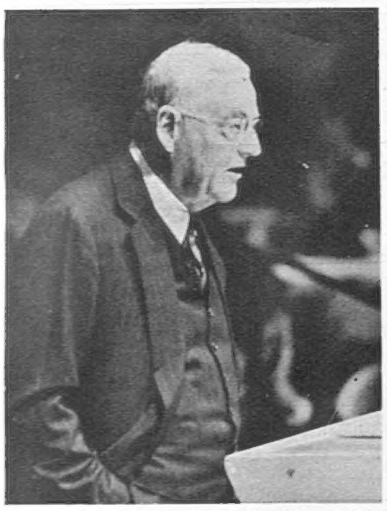
UNDER STARTER'S ORDERS: From the launch in the background, members of the America's Cup race committee watch *Columbia*, left, and *Sceptre* tack into position at the start. Although the principal dimensions of both yachts are approximately similar, *Sceptre* has a displacement of 68,000 lb. as compared with *Columbia's* of about 56,800 lb. During the races, the crew of the British challenger are working from, or in, a large open cockpit. With the exception of a small cockpit for the afterguard, *Columbia's* crew are on the open deck.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET TO QUEMOY: A Chinese Nationalist landing-craft lies wrecked on a beach of the offshore island after it had been heavily bombarded by the Chinese Communist guns on the mainland. The vessel, which was loaded with ammunition, suffered a direct hit. A week ago it was reported that supplies of food were reaching Quemoy and the chief problem was ammunition. In view of this, the Nationalists were said to be limiting their counter-fire to the Communist barrages.

AFTER A BOMBARDMENT: Inhabitants of a narrow street in Quemoy examine the damage caused by the Communist Chinese shells. Last week-end the gunners on the mainland appeared to be stepping-up their fire against the island outpost of Chiang Kai-shek. On Saturday night 5,000 shells were hurled at Quemoy and the heavy barrage was continued throughout Sunday morning. This was the heaviest artillery attack for a week, and it was admitted in Taipeh by the Nationalist Defence Ministry that some supply ships had been forced to turn back on the way to Quemoy. At the same time a statement was issued from Peking regarding the "intrusion" of American warships in Chinese territorial waters. Mao Tse-tung's spokesmen described it as the "ninth serious warning" and alleged that the United States had "repeatedly ignored" such declarations from the Chinese capital.

THE MEETINGS BETWEEN THE CHINESE AND AMERICAN AMBASSADORS IN WARSAW: At the opening session of the talks regarding the Far East in the capital of Poland, Mr. Wang Ping-nan, of China, sits on the left, flanked by his assistants, and faces Mr. Jacob Beam, of the United States, sitting directly opposite him. Members of the Press were admitted only for the start of the meeting. After this the discussions seeking agreement on a cease-fire over the offshore islands continued in private. The Chinese position was said to be that if the islands were evacuated by the Nationalists, the shelling would cease at once. American opinion maintained that a cease-fire must precede any other step. As the ambassadorial talks moved towards their third session, world focus was less on Warsaw than on the exchanges between Washington and Moscow. President Eisenhower took a step which the White House declared to be unprecedented in Russo-American relations and sent back a thirteen-page note on the Far East from Mr. Khrushchev. Mr. Eisenhower said that it was "abusive," "intemperate" and "unacceptable under established international practice."



RIVAL SPOKESMEN AT THE UNITED NATIONS: *Left*—Mr. Dulles addresses the U.N. General Assembly in New York. *Right*—Mr. Gromyko is at the rostrum. The United States Secretary of State, in a speech which was moderate in tone, declared that his country was seeking "a prompt cease-fire" over the Chinese Nationalist-held islands and "equitable conditions which will leave for peaceful resolution the different claims and counter-claims that are involved." If the Warsaw talks failed, America reserved the right to bring the matter before the United Nations. The Soviet Foreign Minister was in more violent mood, attacking American Far Eastern policy, Anglo-American action in the Middle East and the British position in the Icelandic fishing dispute.

THE TOLL OF COMMUNIST SHELLS: A man and his children are followed by a Nationalist soldier as they enter the wreckage of their home in Quemoy, one of the many buildings destroyed by the Red artillery on the mainland in the constant barrages over the narrow straits.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT FOR ALGERIA PROCLAIMED: Ferhat Abbas, the leader of the Algerian National Liberation Front (at the microphone), announces in Cairo the formation of a provisional Algerian Republican Government. Its headquarters would be in Cairo. Within seven minutes the rebel Government was recognised by the United Arab Republic and later in the day by Libya, Pakistan, Iraq, the Yemen, Tunisia and Morocco. There was a strong reaction of protest in Paris, although it was not thought to be likely that General de Gaulle would recall his Ambassadors from Tunis and Rabat.

SECURITY MEASURES IN FRANCE: Near Versailles, outside Paris, a policeman, holding a machine-gun, watches another member of a security patrol inspect identification papers. In the foreground is a road-block. Over last week-end, at the same time as General de Gaulle toured the provinces, there was an increase in terrorism in France. In Lyons, a police car was machine-gunned and five policemen and two civilians were wounded. A part of Toulon harbour was closed after a sabotage attempt last week. Parachute troops sacked the Communist headquarters at Agen, near Toulouse. The decision to recall about 10,000 police reservists was confirmed.

THE M.C.C. TEAM LEAVES FOR AUSTRALIA: On board the P. & O. liner *Iberia* at Tilbury, in Essex, England cricketers pose for pictures before their departure. Second from left in the front row is the captain, Peter May, with beside him, from left to right, *Iberia's* master, Captain H. Mallet, the Duke of Norfolk, F. Trueman and T. Bailey. It is the twelfth cricket team to tour Australia under the colours of the M.C.C. and is the fifth team to take the Ashes out with them. If they win this series, they will become the first side from either country to win four successive series in this century. Opinion in Australia is optimistic about their side's chances. It is thought the series will be closely fought.

GENERAL DE GAULLE'S TOUR OF THE FRENCH PROVINCES: At Rennes, in Brittany, members of the crowd hold up posters bearing the word "Oui," signifying agreement to the proposals for a new constitution. In a speech General de Gaulle appealed for a "massive" majority in the vote on the referendum, to-morrow, September 28. He also visited Bordeaux, Strasbourg and Lille. The success of the referendum appeared to be a foregone conclusion. Communists and left-wing elements opposing the proposals staged demonstrations during General de Gaulle's tour.

A THOR MISSILE FOR THE R.A.F.: The 65-ft.-long intermediate-range ballistic missile is carried on a 90-ft. transporter from an American air base in Norfolk to a site some miles away. It was the first American-built I.R.B.M. to be delivered to the R.A.F. and was handed over to No. 77 Strategic Missile Squadron of Bomber Command. It was flown to the American air base by a U.S. transport aircraft and will be used for training purposes. More Thor missiles are expected to be delivered to this country in the next few months. They have a range of 1,500 miles.

THE FIRST REGULUS II MISSILE LAUNCHED: The U.S. Navy missile covers the conning tower of the U.S. submarine *Grayback* with smoke as it accelerates on the start of its journey. It was launched in the Pacific towards a target 200 miles away at Edward's Air Force Base, in California. Built by the Chance Vought Aircraft Company, the Regulus II is powered initially by an Aerojet booster rocket, which drops away after take-off. In flight the missile is powered by a General Electric turbojet. It is capable of speeds of 1,400 m.p.h. The missile flew the prescribed course but its recovery gear failed to function.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE ARNHEM ANNIVERSARY: Children place flowers in the cemetery at Oosterbeek, in the Netherlands, on the graves of the members of the British 1st Airborne Division who gave their lives in the battle of Arnhem in September 1944. The remembrance ceremony is held annually and this year 225 relatives of the dead were present. In the Airborne operation which began on September 17, 1944, the British and Polish troops held out against much heavier German forces for nine days.

A VISITOR TO ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS: Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P. for Blackburn and Vice-Chairman of the Labour Party, talks with the exiled Greek Cypriot leader in Athens. She should become the party's Chairman at the Annual Conference next week. After visiting Greece she went on to Cyprus. Last week, at the start of the session of the United Nations General Assembly, discussion on Cyprus was put on the agenda.

On right—

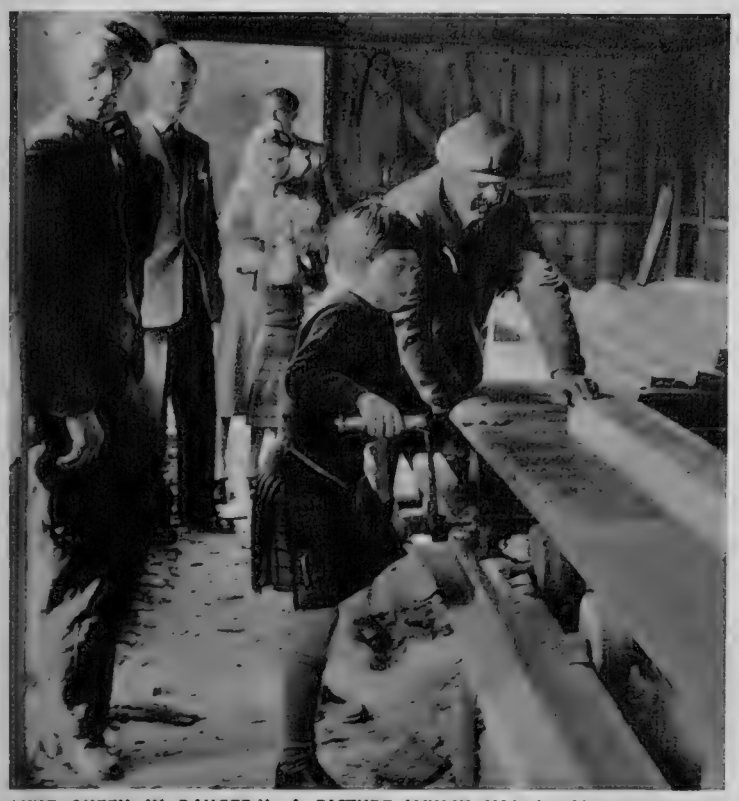
FRANCE HONOURS "MONTY": Marshal Juin gives the customary embrace to Field-Marshal Montgomery after decorating him with the Médaille Militaire at a ceremony at the Invalides, in Paris. This was one of the many tributes paid to the Field-Marshal last week before he retired from the post of Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, Europe. The citation declared: "He communicated to the forces placed under his orders the spirit of solidarity necessary to ensure the collective defence of the nations associated in the Atlantic Pact."

FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY'S FAREWELL TO S.H.A.P.E.: With General Norstad, the Allied Supreme Commander, he is holding the large parchment scroll presented to him on his last day as Deputy Supreme Allied Commander at the Paris headquarters of S.H.A.P.E. The scroll, which records his "most distinguished services" to NATO, is signed by the four Supreme Allied Commanders under whom he served—Generals Eisenhower, Ridgway, Gruenther and Norstad. In a short speech Field-Marshal Montgomery declared it was not "the saddest day of my life." He had served fifty years in the army and he thought it was "time to go." He thanked the S.H.A.P.E. staff and the French—officials and ordinary people—"from whom I have had nothing but kindness and whom I have got to know so well." Once again he stressed the need for unity among the Western nations and expressed his belief in NATO as the best hope for the free world. Then he flew back to London and drove to his Hampshire home, where he will live in retirement, although as a Field-Marshal he will remain on the active list.

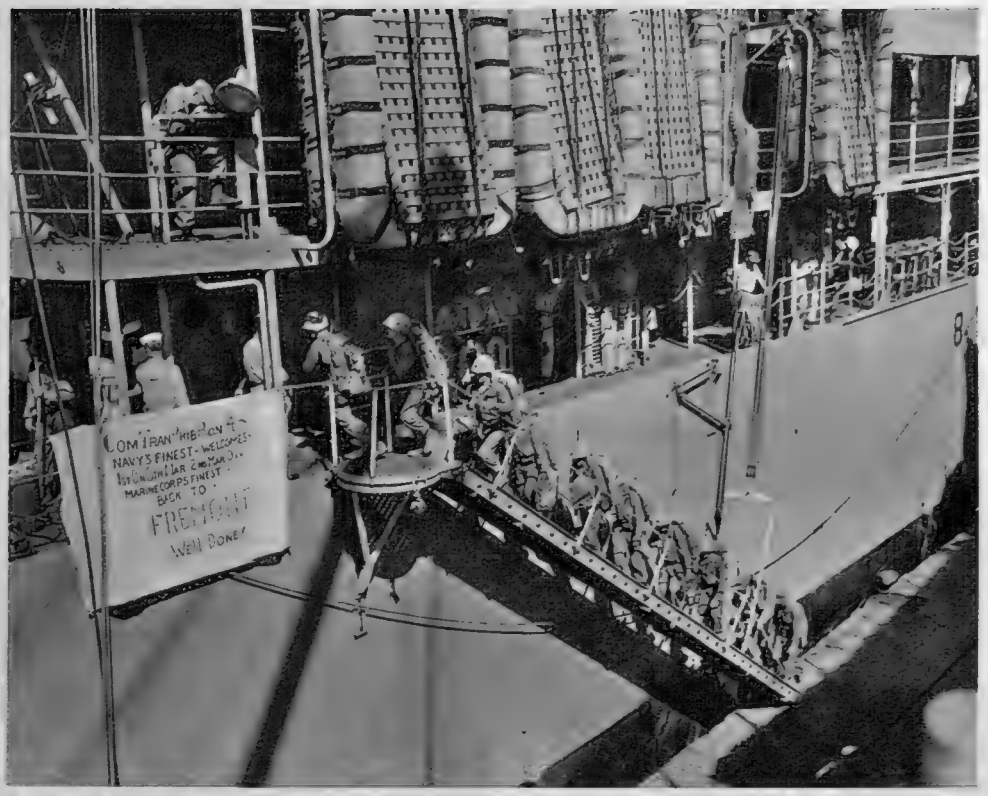
THE NEW MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA: Dr. William Steinberg rehearses the L.P.O. He succeeds Sir Adrian Boult as Musical Director. In its forthcoming season the orchestra will be mainly concerned with four principal series of concerts. They are: Industrial Concerts, sponsored by a number of industrial firms; "Masterworks," usually on Sunday evenings and given in the Festival Hall, in London; International Celebrity Concerts; and the Historical Concerts, which review the music of this century decade by decade. The next series will deal with the years 1900 to 1909 and programmes include Mahler's "Lied der Erde" and Elgar's "Cockaigne." While directing the London Philharmonic Orchestra, Dr. Steinberg will continue to be conductor of the Pittsburgh Orchestra in America.

INDIA'S FINANCE MINISTER IN AMERICA: Mr. Morarji Desai talks in New York with Mr. Henry Luce, the American newspaper proprietor. Because of India's grave financial crisis, the Indian Finance Minister has recently visited both Britain and America. After a meeting called by the World Bank in Washington, and discussions between Mr. Desai and British Ministers in London, it was announced that India should receive 350,000,000 dollars (£125,000,000) of aid from Britain, the U.S., Germany, Canada, Japan and the World Bank. Britain's share will be £40,000,000.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



"THE QUEEN IN DANGER"—A PICTURE WHICH HAS APPALLED EXPERTS: Prince Charles is working a large circular saw, watched from the background by his mother, father and sister. The picture, taken last year at Balmoral, is reproduced in the current monthly journal of the Amalgamated Society of Woodcutting Machinists. Mr. T. McAndrew, the Society's General Secretary, comments that many "will shudder at the dangerous position of Her Majesty." The saw, he declares, is not properly guarded, and "I dread to think of the result had a throw-back occurred, as Her Majesty is well within the danger zone." Without a guard, wood may ride on top of the saw and throw back at great speed. This can cause fatal accidents.



AMERICAN MARINES LEAVE LEBANON: Men of the 1st Battalion, 8th U.S. Marine Regiment, go aboard the American naval transport *Fremont* in Beirut Harbour. Their withdrawal was to be followed on the next day by the embarkation of the 2nd Battalion, 8th Marines. The two battalions are reported to have a joint strength of 2,012 men and their departure last week was stated to leave American forces numbering about 8,000 soldiers and one Marine battalion of 1,600 men in Lebanon. The move of the two Marine battalions was unexpected and was understood to have been made on the eve of the session of the General Assembly of the United Nations as an earnest of America's intention to withdraw from Lebanon as soon as possible. Although in New York the Far rather than the Middle East demanded first attention, delegates were eagerly awaiting Mr. Hammarskjöld's report on his recent visit to the Middle East, which was due to be presented before the end of the month, and his plans for U.N. "presence" there.

DISCUSSIONS ON NIGERIAN INDEPENDENCE: Mr. A. T. Balewa, the Prime Minister of the Federation of Nigeria, arrives at London Airport to attend the conference on the future of his country which starts at Lancaster House on Monday next (September 29).

AN ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF M. SOUSTELLE: In the car marked with bullet holes, the French Minister of Information was travelling through the centre of Paris when Algerian terrorists opened fire on him with a revolver and a sub-machine gun. M. Soustelle ducked down in the car and then jumped into the street and fell flat on his face. He suffered only very minor injuries but one man was killed and three wounded in trying to stop the Minister's assailants. Two Algerians were later arrested by the police.

A VERY LUCKY ESCAPE: The plaster on M. Soustelle's forehead covers cuts from glass, his only injuries from the attempt on his life. One bullet tore through his jacket and narrowly missed his heart. He is regarded by Algerian Nationalists as their "arch-enemy."

A MOUNTAIN RAILWAY ACCIDENT WITH HEAVY CASUALTIES IN WEST GERMANY: An armed guard inspects the wreckage of one of the three coaches of the train of the rack-and-pinion line which climbs the 1,053-ft. Drachenfels above Königswinter, on the Rhine. The train was about 90 ft. below the summit when the brakes failed and the coaches crashed down the gradient, which is sometimes 1 in 4, until they were stopped by trees beside the line. The death-roll was reported to be nineteen and over fifty people were injured. *On right*—The engine lies on its side by the line. The railway was built seventy-five years ago, runs for about a mile up the Drachenfels and is a great tourist attraction. There were understood to be no British among the casualties.

World Affairs

ISRAEL LOOKS TO THE FUTURE

By JOHN CONNELL

SOMEWHERE between Paris and Lydda, but rather nearer Lydda, on the El Al Britannias trans-Mediterranean hop, the overwhelmingly soporific effects of my current air-sickness pill wore off, and I began to read. My book was Professor Bernard Lewis's scholarly work, *The Arabs in History*. As she passed my seat the elegant and agreeable young Israeli air hostess glanced at the title. "I think I prefer them in history," she said.

This sums up in a sentence the ordinary Israeli's outlook on his or her country's relations—or lack of relations—with its neighbours. There is no hatred and no bitterness; there never has been in all the ten years during which I have known the State; there was no tradition of hatred of the Arabs even in the fiercest troubles of the Mandatory days. There is no arrogant, acquisitive expansionism; Israelis concentrate on the business in hand, the important and absorbing business of developing the resources of their own small country to the utmost; they have no obsessive desire to get more territory by conquest, and thereby land themselves with a bigger and more troublesome minority problem than that which already complicates their country's internal policies. There is a quiet, dour vigilance; and there is a shrugging, wryly realistic acceptance of the continuity of danger and difficulty, and the hardships which, individually as well as nationally, this imposes.

In the bad times—the two years before the Sinai campaign (here in Britain we talk about the events of November-December 1956 as Suez; in Israel they are always known as "the Sinai campaign," which is a significant difference in emphasis)—there was increasing tension. Now, in close on two years of peace, a relaxed wariness has replaced tension. And even this wariness is extremely unobtrusive. Israel at present is not a country in which, as you travel about it, you encounter with any frequency bodies of troops or armed police on the road. The dense, swift-moving traffic between the three chief cities—Jerusalem, Tel-Aviv and Haifa—is not held up by convoys on the move. The soldiers whom you meet—and they are numerous, I admit, and particularly at busy cross-roads—are boys and girls going to and from their homes, on the short leaves which the Israel Defence Forces grant frequently and generously; and every soldier prefers to thumb a lift—"*tremp*" is the Israeli word for it, and the derivation is obvious—rather than pay a bus fare.

In Northern Galilee my wife and I drove our small car, unaccompanied and unarmed, and in as cheerful and haphazard a fashion as we would in Skye or Cornwall, along border roads on which three years ago it was considered prudent to have an escort with a pistol or a sub-machine gun. But along those border roads and in Jerusalem, where the frontier is less than a quarter of a mile from the balconies of the first-floor bedrooms in the King David Hotel, you are conscious of being watched; you are within range of an enemy who is not on the offensive now, but would be in a moment if he thought he had a chance of winning. Defence is still a paramount factor in Israeli life, but it is not, for the time being, at any rate, the only all-exclusive consideration.

Defence and foreign affairs are not, to the Israelis, entirely synonymous; but they are inextricably mingled. A few days before the Jewish New Year, and the high holiday season which this ushers in—Rosh Hashanna, Yom Kippur and Succoth, the New Year, the Day of Atonement and the Feast of the Tabernacles, follow one another in quick succession—the Opposition demanded an emergency session of Israel's Parliament, the Knesset, which was in recess. They are a tetchily active Opposition and a General Election is looming next year, so it is perhaps inevitable that the Government and its supporters should accuse them of being prompted by electoral considerations rather than those of high policy. In a four-hour debate a mixed bag of topics was discussed: some new burial regulations, a prison mutiny, the sale of a flourishing industrial enterprise, now nationalised, to private investors, and (first and, of course, by far the most important) foreign policy.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Ben Gurion, who leads a Coalition, and whose position and status in the country are roughly analogous to Sir Winston Churchill's when he led a Coalition in the United Kingdom, took the chance of defining Israel's foreign policy in terms as precise and concrete as any in which, over the past decade, I have heard it expounded.

He said that it had three aims: to maintain the *status quo* in the Middle East as long as this is possible; to strengthen Israel's own military preparedness; and to acquire the largest possible number of friends in the world. These are moderate and persuasive aims; they are rooted in common sense; and I am certain that they are sincerely held by the vast majority of Israelis. To anyone who, as I did, first came to know the Middle East in the days of British hegemony, the phrase, *status quo*, has some strangely rueful undertones; and that Ben Gurion, of all people, should use it so purposefully is to me one more of history's countless and curious ironies. However, it has a very practical application at present.

Nobody in his senses would call the 1958 *status quo* ideal, but it is a degree or two nearer workability than anything the Middle East has known for a long time. I myself do not think that it will endure for long, but I am grateful for every week, every month, that it does. Jordan and the Lebanon have not been swallowed up in the United Arab Republic; Gamal Abdul Nasser is huffing and puffing with all his customary violence and venom, but he has not yet succeeded in blowing these two rickety little houses down. In the Lebanon Chehab is about to succeed Chamoun, and the situation splutters and fizzes like a firework that no one has the courage or energy to extinguish. In Jordan King Hussein is alive and on his throne; and this is a factor of some importance.

Earlier this summer, I am informed, Sir John Glubb wrote to King Hussein, as an old and long-trusted friend of the Hashemite family, urging him that the only courses open to him were abdication and exile. The King rejected this doubtless well-meant advice. He lives, of course, in constant peril of assassination, in a manner as foul and as brutal as that which accompanied the Iraqi *coup d'état*, which too many people in Britain continue to condone; but he has lived long enough to give to Mr. Hammarskjöld, on his latest complex mission in the Middle East, a firmly unequivocal answer. One of the more peculiar, though not unexpected, results of this mission is that the Secretary-General of the United Nations has been rumbled: not only Israelis but also a good many Arabs now recognise him to be the eagerly compliant agent of Gamal Abdul Nasser and laugh off any suggestion of his impartiality.

Ben Gurion's second point is familiar, but matters none the less. The extent of Israel's military preparedness is a closely-guarded secret, and I would certainly be the last person to pry into it. But what is of supreme importance in Israel, and always has been, is the *morale* of the defence forces and of the people at large. Israel has won her victories not by overwhelming weight of arms but by her spirit, by the valour (allied to high technical capacity) of her soldiers, and by the steadfastness and endurance of her civilian population. These, even in the present unaccustomedly balmy atmosphere, are all of the highest. The Army is integrated into the life of the nation to an extent incomprehensible in a country like Britain. It is a citizen army and it is sheerly a defence army. Patriotism is a universal quality among Israelis, but it is not a showy, vainglorious nationalism. Pride—and, of course, there is a proper pride—is steeped in love of country and in the will to individual self-sacrifice. Heroism, Israelis insist, has to be common-sense heroism and completely without fuss; fuss is reserved for speech-making at fund-raising dinners outside the country and is described by the *sabra*—the native-born Israeli—in a single, oddly expressive word: *Zionut*.

A PROPHET WITH HONOUR IN HIS OWN COUNTRY: *Left*—Mr. Ben Gurion talks in Jerusalem with Mr. Hammarskjöld during the latter's latest visit to the Middle East. *Right*—The Israeli Prime Minister is in informal mood as he visits the archæological excavations at Hatzor. As John Connell points out, Mr. Ben Gurion has a unique status and authority over the destiny of Israel.

It has to be remembered that the State of Israel, politically and socially, is largely the creation of dedicated but severely practical pioneers, who were steeped in the outlook of late nineteenth-century social democrats in the old Russian Empire, but who added to it their own fervour and logic. Israel is therefore a working social democracy: in the years immediately after the foundation of the State there was, perforce, a pretty pervasive atmosphere of drabness and austerity which made Sir Stafford Cripps's regime in Britain look, in comparison, riotously colourful.

This has gone; ardour and strenuousness remain, but there is a place—and quite a high place—in Israeli life for dignity, grace, spaciousness and courtesy. It is significant, I think, that the most beautiful places that I saw, in the course of my visit to Israel this month, were places of learning and places of holiness: the Weizmann Institute of Scientific Research at Rehovoth, in the garden alongside which there is Weizmann's grave; Herzl's tomb on a mountain summit to the south-west of Jerusalem; and the new Hebrew University.

This last, still unfinished, is the most massive and daring enterprise, architecturally as well as emotionally and spiritually; it satisfies the eye as much as it nourishes the mind and the heart. A nation that takes an achievement of this order in its stride has admittedly, in this harsh epoch and in its ancient setting of danger and violence, need of armed preparedness, but the shrine and the citadel which arms must guard are of the spirit.

Ben Gurion's final point is original as well as important. As James Morris, who is not usually enthusiastic about Israel, observed after his latest visit to the country, the rather uninviting posture of the hedgehog is considerably relaxed, the quills are subsiding. A day or two after the Knesset debate Ben Gurion addressed the Central Committee of his own party, Mapai, and went into some detail on this matter of friends. Israel's first real political friend, he said, was France; and he added an observation which, in the context of German-Jewish relations since 1933, is most significant: "Western Germany, too, without having diplomatic relations with Israel, has given political support of considerable importance."

And friendship with Britain? I understand, on pretty good authority, that Mrs. Meir's talks with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd last month were at least a possible beginning of a better, more seemly relationship; and that the subsequent discussions between Mr. Peres, on behalf of Israel's Defence Ministry, with his opposite number in London, were even more satisfactory. As one who has worked for better Anglo-Israel relations for ten sad years, I see a gleam of hope—but I fear there are some corners in the Foreign Office where it will not be welcome.

AN AMERICAN TRAIN PLUNGES INTO A BAY : The scene at Newark Bay, New Jersey, after two diesel engines and three coaches plunged through a raised drawbridge 50 ft. into the bay. In the foreground rescue boats speed towards the third coach which is seen, half-submerged, leaning against a pier. The two remaining coaches of the five-coach train remained on the railway line. Early reports indicated that over forty people lost their lives. The train had just left Elizabeth Station, bound for Jersey City.

RESCUE WORK IN THE BAY : *Left*—A close-up view of the third coach hanging partly in the water. Two hours after the accident it sank, empty, into the depths of the bay. *Right*—Passengers rescued from the water disembark from a launch, in the foreground. The water is about 35 ft. deep at the point where the train plunged in. There were an estimated 100 passengers on board.

AMERICAN RAILWAY DISASTER

A Passenger Train Plunges into Newark Bay With Many Casualties

Within minutes of the passenger train carrying about 100 people plunging through a raised drawbridge and hurtling 50 ft. into the water at Newark Bay, New Jersey, tugs, launches and helicopters headed for the scene of the disaster after an alert given by the Coast Guard. They were in time to save many of the passengers struggling in the oily water, but were unable to assist those trapped in the submerged coaches. Reports indicated that at least forty people lost their lives. The two diesel locomotives in tandem and the two leading coaches were completely submerged in 35 ft. of water. The third coach hung from the bridge, half-submerged, for over two hours before it sank. According to first accounts, the train, which had gathered speed after leaving Elizabeth Station, ran past three warning signals before the leading engine was thrown off the track by a derailing device. It was too late to keep the train's momentum from carrying it into the gap left by the raised span of the bridge, which had been lifted to let an oil barge pass.

THE ROYAL NAVY TO THE RESCUE

H.M. Ships and Aircraft Aid Two Tankers Ablaze in the Gulf of Oman

In a haze caused by the heat and in heavy seas, two large tankers were in collision in the Gulf of Oman, at the entrance to the Persian Gulf. The ships were the French *Fernand-Gilabert* and the *Melika*, registered in Liberia. Both ships were seriously damaged and set on fire. Lifeboats were immediately launched. Some men were thrown into the sea and burnt to death in petrol flaming on the surface. Distress signals were picked up by Royal Naval vessels which were exercising in the vicinity and by the British ship *Anglian Diligence* and the Swedish tanker *Ceres*. The British warships were the aircraft-carrier *Bulwark* and the frigates *Loch Killisport*, *Puma* and *St. Bride's Bay*.

Aircraft from *Bulwark* located *Melika* after she had steamed ablaze for twenty-five miles with her engines at "full ahead," having been abandoned by her crew. *Fernand-Gilabert* was found by *Loch Killisport* and

FIRE FOLLOWS A COLLISION AT SEA: Smoke pours from the bows of the French tanker *Fernand-Gilabert* (10,715 tons) in the Gulf of Oman. She had been in collision with the Liberian tanker *Melika*. The Royal Navy was quickly at the scene and carried out rescue operations.

St. Bride's Bay. The two tankers had together complements totalling eighty-five officers and men. Over forty survivors were taken aboard *Anglian Diligence* and *Ceres*, and the final casualty list showed twenty-two dead or missing. A number of the seriously injured were flown by Royal Naval helicopters to Masira Island, off the east coast of Oman, and there transferred to R.A.F. Hastings aircraft, which took them to the R.A.F. hospital at Muharraq.

Meanwhile, *Bulwark's* helicopters had landed fire-fighting and salvage teams in *Melika*, in spite of the bad weather. Naval parties were also put aboard the *Fernand-Gilabert*. The fires were brought under control and work was started on making the engines serviceable again. Towing operations had to be suspended owing to the heavy swell. *Bulwark* was unable to maintain her lines with *Melika* and *Loch Killisport* and *St. Bride's Bay* were forced to part company with *Fernand-Gilabert*.

By the middle of last week conditions had improved. According to messages received by the Admiralty in London, the aircraft-carrier had been able to restart towing the Liberian tanker and they were heading towards the port of Muscat, making between 2½ and 3 knots. The naval engineers were still aboard *Melika* and it was hoped that her engines might be repaired so that she could finish the latter part of the voyage under her own steam.

Loch Killisport had the *Fernand-Gilabert* in tow once more and the course was set for Karachi. In the moderate weather it was anticipated that there would be no difficulty in reaching the coast of Pakistan. Thus the Royal Navy would successfully complete a rescue operation in which H.M. ships and aircraft had combined in demonstrating their accustomed skill and efficiency in any eventuality.

FIGHTING THE BLAZE IN THE TANKER "MELIKA": A helicopter from H.M. aircraft-carrier *Bulwark* hovers on exercises when they received the distress signals from the tankers *Melika* and *Fernand-Gilabert*, blazing vessels. Twenty-two were reported dead or missing from the crews of the two tankers. The naval

above the bows of the 20,551-ton Liberian ship, which had been abandoned, and prepares to put down fire-fighting and salvage teams. *Bulwark* and three British frigates were which had collided and caught fire in the Gulf of Oman. The Royal Naval ships raced to the rescue, and in spite of rough weather landed parties on both the crippled and men remained on board *Melika* and *Fernand-Gilabert* and set to work to repair the engines, while the former was taken in tow by *Bulwark* and the latter by the frigate *Loch Killisport*.

FACE-LIFTS FOR U.S. PRESIDENTS

Cleaning the Giant Heads on a South Dakota Mountain

THE Americans always like to do things in the grand style. An example is the National Memorial on Mount Rushmore, in South Dakota, one of the central States of the U.S.A. On the peak in the Black Hills are gigantic heads of four of the country's most famous Presidents. Each is about 60 ft. in height from chin to forehead. The sculptures are the work of Gutzon Borglum, except for the finishing touches, which were made by his son Lincoln, also an eminent sculptor, after the death of the father at the age of seventy-four in March 1941.

The project was conceived in 1927, during the Presidency of Calvin Coolidge. The funds were not fully forthcoming, but in 1929 he persuaded Congress to appropriate 250,000 dollars. Seven years later, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt dedicated the head of Jefferson, and before America entered the Second World War the work on all four busts was completed. Since 1950 floodlighting has made them a landmark by night as well as by day.

The four Presidents who look down with granite gaze into the valley are George Washington, the " Father of his Country "; Thomas Jefferson (President from 1800 to 1809); Theodore Roosevelt (1902 to 1909) and Abraham Lincoln (1860 to 1865). They are not arranged in chronological order.

Perched at a height of 6,000 ft., the heads are subject to the depredations of the weather and an annual inspection is essential to ensure that face wrinkles are smoothed out and that cracks and fissures caused by the wind and rain and the scorching summer sun are filled in. A team of four experts carries out the examination each year under the leadership of Mr. Glen Jones. As the pictures show, they appear pigmies as they climb precariously over the chins, noses and foreheads of their nation's heroes. Their work carries with it very considerable hazards. For instance, below Washington's nose there is a drop of over 200 ft.

Very properly Mount Rushmore attracts many Americans and numbers of tourists from overseas. From vantage points around the peak they can look up at the heads of the four men who in their various ages did so much to mould the shape of the history of the United States. As one peers at these historic monuments, one may legitimately wonder what the original models would think of their environment to-day.

Washington, if he is truthfully portrayed, is always haughty and slightly cynical in appearance. This is understandable when one considers how in his lifetime he was surrounded by intrigue, jealousy and even treason to the causes in which he believed. But beneath the forbidding mien there is idealism and he would surely approve to-day's Anglo-American unity which has replaced the animosity of his lifetime

Thomas Jefferson may look somewhat perplexed. For the chief author of the Declaration of Rights and the drafter of the American Constitution may indeed shake his head at the resurrection of his doctrine of " interposition " by the segregationists of Arkansas. Lincoln, the emancipator of the Negro slaves and the champion of Federalism, may also view the scene with a certain grim and typical humour. Teddy Roosevelt, however, probably remains in his element. A man of action, he would inevitably adopt a strong policy, and deal with the consequences as they arose. But all four are an essential part of American history. On the peak in South Dakota they are a reminder of a tradition which cannot be rejected.

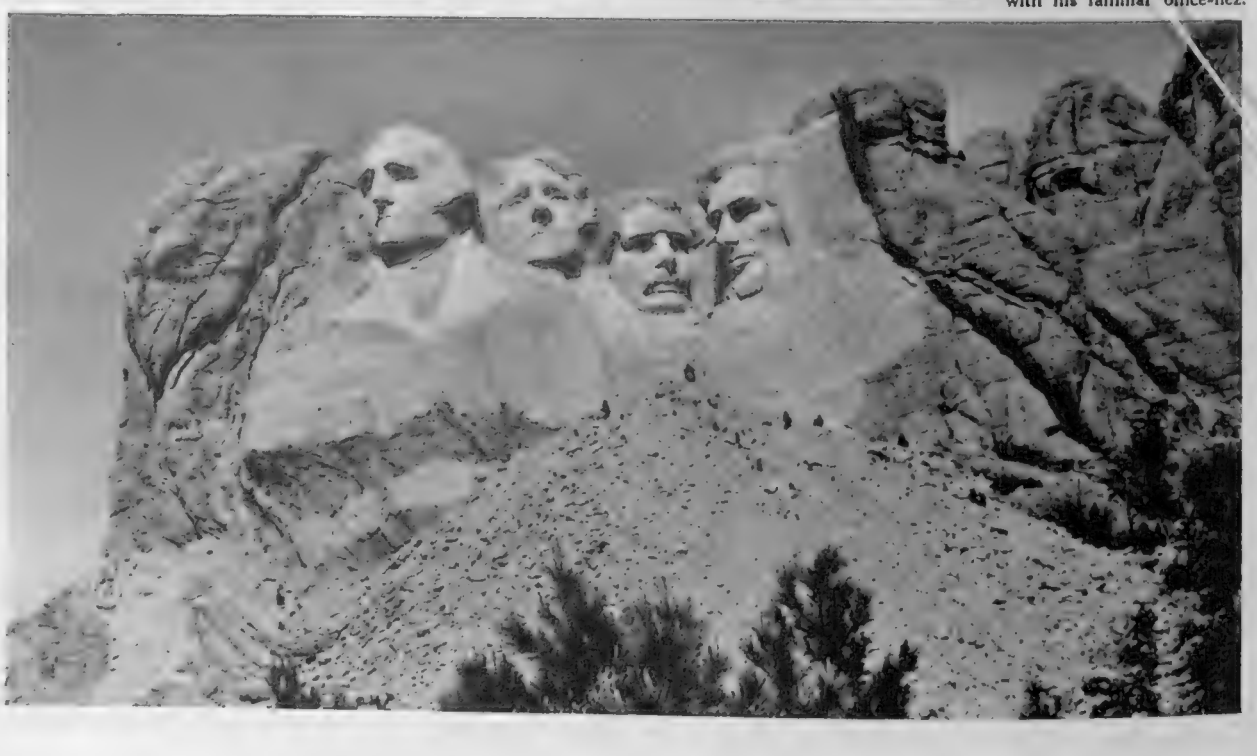
On right—

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE: The four giant heads on Mount Rushmore are, from left to right, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln. The National Memorial was started in 1927 and finished in 1941 during the Presidency of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

A PRESIDENTIAL NOSE: An expert inspector is seen perched precariously on the tip of the nose of the vast head of Thomas Jefferson in the National Memorial on Mount Rushmore, in the Black Hills in South Dakota.

On left—

TWO GREAT REPUBLICANS: *On far Left—* Abraham Lincoln looks down from the Black Hills. The figure of the inspector examining the cleft in the chin gives some idea of the size of this remarkable monument. *On Left—* Next to Lincoln, who is having the wrinkles smoothed on his forehead, is Theodore Roosevelt. Note that the latter is portrayed with his familiar pince-nez.



A POPULAR FORM OF TRANSPORT AMONG THE STUDENTS OF THE FRENCH CAPITAL : One of the four young men sits on his motor-scooter. Among students at Paris University it is reported that 72 per cent. own a motor-scooter and a large majority prefer a drive into the country to any other form of recreation.

THE YOUNG PARISIANS

How Students and Youthful Workers Live in the French Capital To-day

If one stands in a street in Paris, one can probably gauge without much difficulty the kind of life led by the older people who hurry past. The merchant, the clerk, the labourer, the professional man, the wife, the mother : the work and the relaxation of each functions upon a routine. But what of the young people on the street corners, in the parks and in the cafés ? How do they live ?

In and around Paris to-day there are some 300,000 young men and women aged between sixteen and twenty-one who are students or workers. The bulk of them live away from their families and are known as *jeunes isolés*. Some of them band together and take old and ramshackle properties and convert them into communal dwelling-places. Often three, four, or even more students will be found living in one room.

As is the case with undergraduates in British and American universities nowadays, the tendency among Parisian students is to find jobs which enable them to supplement any other source of income they may have while they are studying. Work undertaken ranges from baby-watching to unloading vegetables and fruit in the markets. Lorries come from the country to the latter at night. This means that the student-unloaders may have to labour into the early hours. The desire for sleep is kept away by cups of black coffee in the *bistros*.

There is one class of students who cannot engage in any employment outside their books—those about to take their final examinations. Life is especially hard for them, but however poor the circumstances may be in which they live, they must endeavour to maintain a smart appearance. This may be a vital factor in interviews for future jobs when they have graduated.

Of course, it is not all work and no play for the young Parisians. They have their dance- and their night-clubs in the Latin Quarter and anyone past the early twenties who enters them feels out of place. Politics and romance—those two great stand-bys of young people all the world over—inevitably occupy much of their time. An interesting trend, not confined to Paris, is a growing preference in the bars for soft drinks to alcohol.

A recent investigation of choice in relaxations among the students of Paris University revealed that 72 per cent. of them were owners of motor-scooters. Only 0·4 per cent. had cars. The great majority preferred a drive into the country to any other pastime. Sport was favoured by 23 per cent., music and dancing by 12 per cent., and cinema-going by a mere 7 per cent.

In this respect the pattern of living for the youth in the French capital may differ somewhat from the pattern elsewhere. But in other respects, in his hopes and fears and ambitions, the young man in Paris is probably little different from his counterpart in London or New York or any other big city.

(*Further pictures on following pages*)

A COMMUNAL DWELLING : These young men are some of a group of eight who have taken over an old oast-house at a very low rent and turned it into a communal dwelling in Paris. The inhabitants' ages range from seventeen to twenty-two. Young people separated from their families and living entirely on their own are known as *jeunes isolés*.

A POLITICAL DISCUSSION : A newspaper for young re
Like their counterparts elsewhere, the young m
In almost equal numbers they join the Comr

TASTES IN DRINKS : At a bar patronised in the Latin Quarter by youth, non-alcoholic fruit juices are as popular as alcohol but are no cheaper.

THE YOUNG PARISIANS

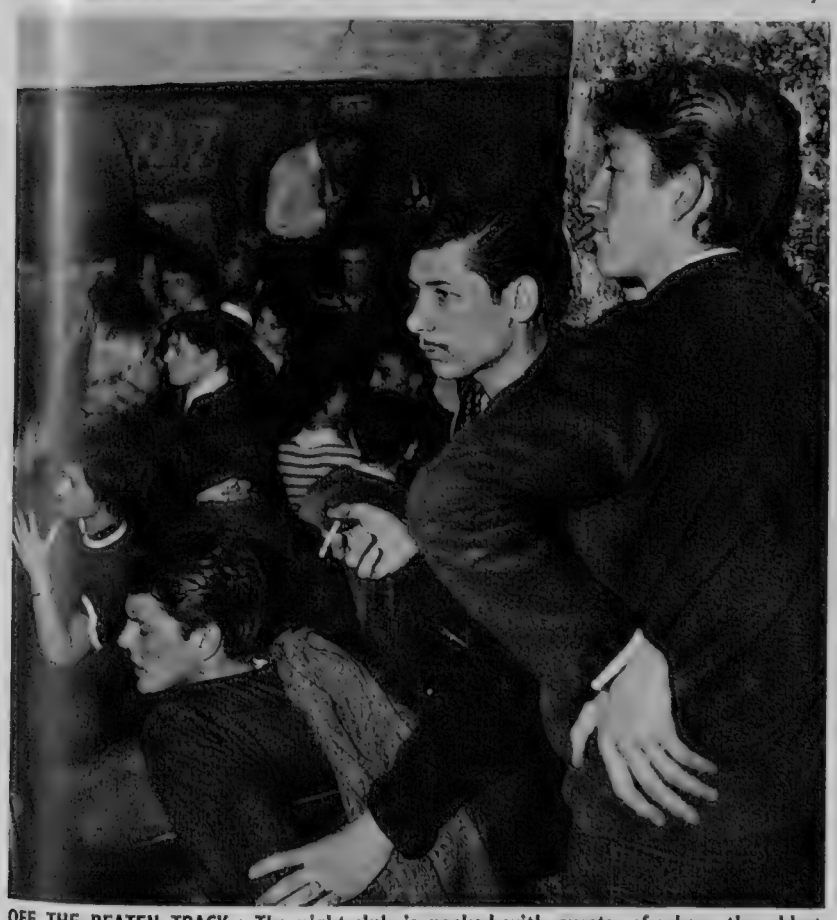
A MIDDAY MEAL : Standing on the pavement, senior students eat bread-rolls. With the approach of their examinations, they can no longer earn at other jobs. Although they live in one small room, they must present a neat appearance when they apply at interviews for future jobs.

THE AGE-OLD CURE FOR LONELINESS : Envious glances are cast at the couple walking along the street. The young men are doubtless thinking that here are two of their kind who are certainly no longer *isoles*.

eaders provides talking-points in the corner of a café. hen and women of Paris tend to extremes in politics. munists, the progressive parties or the Right Wing.

On left—
A WELCOME OCCUPATION : Baby-sitting or taking an infant for a walk is always welcomed by students, as it gives them a chance of a little much-needed money.

SERIOUS BUSINESS : Dancing or even embracing is taken seriously. Incidentally, there is no colour problem among the young Parisians.



OFF THE BEATEN TRACK : The night-club is packed with guests, of whom the oldest are probably no more than twenty-four years. Places such as this in the Latin Quarter are little known to older Parisians and rarely visited by tourists.

AT NIGHT IN THE CENTRAL MARKET : Unloading vegetable lorries is work undertaken by students when their day's studies are over. This allows them little time for sleep. In Paris and its suburbs there are estimated to be about 300,000 students or young workers.

THE GRANDEUR OF ENGLISH GOTHIC

Some Thoughts on the Exterior and Interior of Salisbury Cathedral and a Comparison with Some Other English Cathedrals

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

It was in September 1258 that Salisbury Cathedral was consecrated with great ceremony in the presence of Henry III. The see is, of course, much older than that. It was founded in 1075 at the old fortress of Old Sarum, a couple of miles or so away on a hill outside the present city. There are a number of different stories to explain the move down into the valley. One is that a long-standing dispute between the ecclesiastical and military authorities led to the departure of the former. Another, that the lack of water on the hill compelled the clergy to move. My own view is that the original church became too small and cramped for the work it had to do : I think that if it had really been lack of water they would have noticed the lack well before the thirteenth century.

Be that as it may, the move was made and work on the present cathedral was begun under Bishop Poore in 1220. Nine years later Poore was translated to Durham, and he took with him a certain Canon Elias of Dereham, who seems to have been his clerk of works and the chief architect of Salisbury Cathedral. No one, surely, can doubt that the same hand was at work in Salisbury and the beautiful Chapel of the Nine Altars at Durham.

I find the interior of Salisbury Cathedral austere and cold. It leaves me quite unmoved: it seems somehow so bare and unwelcoming. Winchester Cathedral, on the other hand, I find warm and welcoming. It gives me always the sense that it is lived in, and I do not think that this is altogether due to the fact that it is so much more thickly furnished with memorials, and so forth. I have the feeling that Mr. T. L. Taylor's recent inexplicable experience in Winchester Cathedral could not have occurred in Salisbury. You will remember that he took a colour transparency of the deserted High Altar at Winchester and found, after processing, that the photograph showed thirteen people dressed in medieval robes, the hard marble line of the altar steps being clearly visible through the transparent bodies of some of the figures. It was not a double exposure: the experts have settled that. I do not think this would have been possible inside Salisbury Cathedral. No ghost (if these people in Winchester Cathedral can be so designated) could feel at home in Salisbury after the work of Wyatt and Scott.

But, miraculously, the exterior escaped the attentions of the restorers. So we have the building very much as it was when it was completed in the mid-fourteenth century, the only English cathedral which is almost exclusively of one period: mature Early English with the addition of the Decorated steeple. Almost all the rest of our cathedrals are virtually museums of the different periods of English architecture.

TWO UNIQUE ENGLISH CATHEDRALS : *Left*—The nave of Winchester Cathedral which is the longest Gothic church in Europe, having a length of 556 ft. in all. *Right*—Salisbury Cathedral from the south-west. The spire (404 ft.) is the highest in England and the fourth highest in Europe. This summer Salisbury Cathedral, begun in 1220, has celebrated the 700th anniversary of its consecration.

But, if this was so, Elias left clear plans behind him, for there is nothing about the main fabric of Salisbury to suggest that more than one architect was responsible.

The beautiful upper tower and the enchanting spire came later. They were added during the first half of the fourteenth century, and they have caused many a headache since, for the whole of their weight was supported only by light arches at the crossing. So imminent was the possibility of collapse that during the fifteenth century flying buttresses were built and great girders inserted at the crossing. In 1697 Sir Christopher Wren supervised the strengthening of the whole structure, which was again giving cause for anxiety. And we have seen the scaffolding up once or twice in recent years. But this sort of thing is to be expected, is bound to happen to every ancient building in the course of time.

What has happened inside is quite another matter. In 1798 the great Wyatt was employed on a general scheme of "restoration." Wyatt seems to have regarded the word "restoration" as synonymous with "demolition," for his restoration involved the demolition of the detached bell-tower which is to be seen in old engravings and also the gorgeous Beauchamp and Hungerford chantries which flanked the Lady Chapel. He also destroyed almost all the remaining stained glass. All this to satisfy his passion for opening up "vistas." In no other cathedral in England did this arch-destroyer "restore" so drastically as in Salisbury. And he, unfortunately, was followed by Scott in 1862, and it was Scott who has left us the present interior with its "encaustic floors, varnished marble and a quire bepainted and bedizened."

This is not the only way in which Salisbury differs from the others. Salisbury is the only Gothic cathedral in England built without having to take into consideration anything other than the original plan. There were no other buildings in the immediate neighbourhood. It is because of this that we have a perfection of architectural unity that is unique, set in the most gently beautiful surroundings of any English cathedral. In every other case the builders had to take into account the buildings of townsfolk, the business of a town, the necessity for holding services while work was in progress, the existence of a former church, a hundred-and-one things which were of vital importance to everyday life and which necessarily affected the plan as it progressed. Only at Salisbury was the slate completely clean from the very beginning.

Not everyone likes Salisbury Cathedral, even the exterior. I have heard it said—or read it somewhere—that it is altogether too perfect: that it looks like a huge model set down on a green carpet. I suppose that there is some truth in this. At least it is true that, on a first visit, you seem to see the whole thing at a glance: there do not appear to be any secret corners, no hidden reserves of beauty. It is very different with, say, Winchester or Exeter or Wells—indeed, with every other cathedral: with them, there is no possibility of seeing the whole thing at a glance, not even the possibility of getting the impression of so doing. They are all too closely beset by building. Most of them have the appearance of growing out of the ground rather than of being set down upon it, simply because their roots are hidden. There is nothing hidden about Salisbury. That wide, smooth, unencumbered close reveals the base of the building clearly and definitely.

This was not always so. Once part of the close green was a burial ground and once there were gravestones here just as there are at Winchester and elsewhere. I do not know when they ceased to use the close for burials nor when they removed the headstones and levelled the burial mounds. A long time ago, I fancy. But I do know that there must once have been burial mounds and headstones, for I have seen their traces on the grass. This was during a period of drought—I think the year was 1921: it was a long time ago, anyway—and, here and there, were oblongs of brownish grass, sharply defined against the yellowing green of the rest. It was evident that here, and only just below the surface, had lain the stone slabs of graves, the grass short-rooted above them. And every time I have been to Salisbury since I have remembered those brown oblongs—though I have never seen them again (such are our summers!)—and regretted the absence of the headstones. They would help to soften the outline of the base and give roots to the Cathedral which now, after seven centuries, it somehow seems to lack.

But it must not be thought that I am one of those who dislike the exterior of Salisbury Cathedral. On the contrary, though the interior fails to move me, the exterior moves me deeply. That the interior should fail to move me, should almost repel me, is not the fault of the builders. Their workmanship in the interior is no whit inferior to their workmanship on the exterior. It is, almost everywhere, workmanship of great beauty. No, the fault lies with the "restorers." The place is too light for my taste. I like the "dimmit" light of Winchester, the sudden solemn shadows, the hint of mysteries beyond our understanding.

There is none of this in Salisbury: the building has an almost hospital bareness. But the builders intended that there should be: indeed, they saw to it that there should be. They built for colour and shadow: they arranged for the warmth of stained glass to set it all off. The exquisite detail of the interior was never intended to be seen in the naked light of day as now it is. And even the magnificence of the central vista as seen from the West Front is small recompense for what has been done. Perhaps Salisbury's interior should first be seen in twilight.

To appreciate fully the wonder of the exterior, Salisbury Cathedral should be seen immediately after Winchester. The latter is enormous and massive—so massive that it seems almost squat—and excessively masculine: Salisbury is slender and lofty and astonishingly feminine. The one muscular, the other graceful.

The more one goes to Salisbury, the more beauties are revealed and the more one realises its astonishing appeal—an appeal that does not fade with distance. I have to admit, lover of Winchester though I am, that at but a short distance one is quite unaware of the Cathedral. Indeed, I have known men to pass through Winchester without realising that there is a cathedral. This is impossible in Salisbury and for miles around. From miles around in all directions—I do not know for how many miles—you can see the thin pencil of the spire, one of the great beauties of the world. You can see it even at night. For years past now, driving at night over the Plain or coming up from the coast, I have looked for the aircraft light on the spire, an orange star twinkling in the darkness.

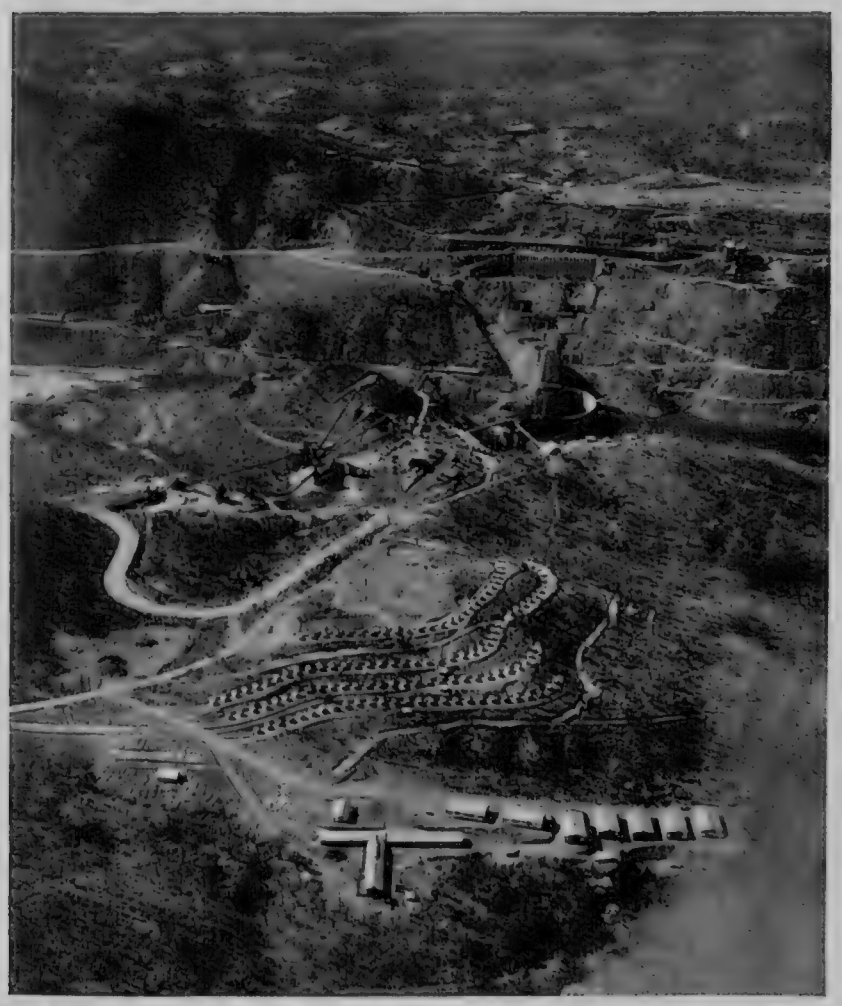
The other night, when walking into Salisbury in the dark, I looked for the orange star and could not find it. And then I rounded a bend, and there was the whole spire soaring heavenwards in a pale, honey-coloured glow and without visible means of support. It was simply floating in the sky, ethereal and delicate; so delicate that it seemed impossible that this could be man's handiwork; so delicate that it seemed unbelievable that it could have stood for close upon 700 years. It seemed unbelievable that harsh electric light could do this. And, of course, electric light alone could not. The men who built this spire surely had just this, this soaring heavenwards, in their hearts.

THE KARIBA DAM TAKES SHAPE : It is being built across the Zambesi River, from Southern Rhodesia, in the foreground, to Northern Rhodesia, as part of the great hydro-electric scheme. The circular coffer-dam, inside which workmen have been laying the foundations for the main dam, is still in position. Earlier this year it was swamped by floodwaters. To the right of the dam are the new bridges, the former structures having been washed away during the floods. (*Pictures by Aerofilms Ltd.*)

LOOKING DOWN ON KARIBA

New Aerial Views of the Vast Dam Which is Being Built on the Zambesi

After the damage caused by the flooding of the Zambesi River earlier this year, marked progress is now being made on the hydro-electric project in the Kariba Gorge of Rhodesia. The picture at the top of this page shows the vast dam where half the main wall is now in position. Before the end of this year the four gaps at its base will be sealed so that by the middle of 1959 the stored water will be more than halfway to the top of the 400-ft.-high wall. The purpose of the dam is to create an immense artificial lake, 150 miles in length and covering an area of 1,600 square miles. This will balance the flow of the river throughout the seasons so that an even output of power can be achieved. Water will pass from the lake to two underground power stations on each bank of the gorge and then return to the river below the dam. Although the first units of electricity are expected to be transmitted at the beginning of 1960, the first stage of the project will not be completed until the middle of 1962. The original estimate for the entire scheme allowed for a production of 1,200 mW, but this may now be increased. Both British and foreign firms are participating in the building programme.



THE DEVELOPMENT AREA : The dam and its network of approach roads are seen in the right centre with the upstream section of the river on the extreme right. Immediately above the structure, on the Southern Rhodesian bank, is part of the operating gear for the cable-way. This is used to transport concrete from the hillsides to the dam. Beyond the huts in the foreground are precast elements for the dam, and in the distance is the township built by Richard Costain Ltd.

On left—

THROUGH THE AFRICAN BUSH : The cuttings are in preparation for the erection of pylons to carry the power lines from the power stations on the Zambesi river.

WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE NEW AMERICAN EMBASSY IN GROSVENOR SQUARE : The site is being cleared and the lower structure of part of the building is rapidly taking shape. The American Embassy at present occupies premises in a number of the blocks standing round the square, in the centre of which is a statue of President Roosevelt. The new Chancery has been designed by Mr. Eero Saarinen, the Finnish-born architect, who is now an American citizen and considered one of the leading modern architects in the U.S. British firms have the main contracts for excavating the site and for construction. The finished building will have the shape of an inverted "U," or three sides of a rectangle, being 310 ft. in length on its longest side and six storeys high. The exterior will be faced in Portland stone and the base of the building will be surrounded by a 7½-ft.-high wall of the same stone. Demolition and excavation started on the site at the beginning of this year. The new Embassy, which occupies the west side of Grosvenor Square, should be completed by the middle of next year.

LONDON'S NEW SHAPES

Progress on the New American Embassy in Grosvenor Square; and the New Building for the Shell Petroleum Company on South Bank

On left—

THE SOUTH BANK'S CHANGING SCENE : On the South Bank, in London, the site of the Festival of Britain Exhibition in 1951, work is rapidly going on in the laying of the foundations of the new 26-storey building for the Shell Petroleum Company. When completed, the offices will be the largest in London. Originally, old warehouses and dwellings occupied the site. The enormous project will take about four years to build. When completed, the building will rise to a height of 330 ft., which is approximately three times as high as the nearby County Hall. Shell's new London headquarters will consist of an "upstream" block built on three sides of a square with the open side facing the River Thames, and an L-shaped "downstream" block of eleven storeys, about 150 ft. in height, abutting on to another of only three storeys. The "upstream" block also consists of eleven storeys dominated by a twenty-six-storey tower 330 ft. high. The architect is Sir Howard Robertson, A.R.A., and the main contractors are Sir Robert McAlpine and Sons, Ltd.

OFFICE DEVELOPMENT ON LONDON'S FESTIVAL SITE: Cranes and scaffolding dominate the scene near York Road. In the background looms the Royal Festival Hall and behind it can be seen the top of the old Shot Tower. The new premises will be the largest offices in London.

FOUNDATIONS FOR THE NEW SOUTH BANK: From County Hall, the camera looks down on the "upstream" site of the new buildings. In the top right of the picture is Waterloo Station, with Hungerford Bridge in the background. It was in 1953 that the L.C.C. announced that permanent development of the site would combine business premises with places of entertainment. Although modifications have been made to the original proposals, the scheme will include the Royal Festival Hall; a smaller Concert hall and a riverside hotel.

The Sphere of Travel

IN CATALONIAN SPAIN

By GORDON COOPER

TO the majority of British visitors to Catalonia, this important Spanish province means the Costa Brava (" the Rugged Coast "), which has leapt into such amazing popularity with holiday-makers during the last few years. It is one of the greatest attractions Spain can provide, offering a sun-drenched coastline with a wide variety of beauty. Its luminosity, its restful calm, its little white fishing ports with their historical appeal and its pine forests furnish an atmosphere in which it is possible to rest in a tranquillity that would be hard to find elsewhere in Europe.

While the appeal of the Costa Brava is mainly escapist, there are also in this province other attractive places which merit more attention from the traveller. Often they have monuments of the first importance, among them being the famous Montserrat Monastery, Gerona, Vich and Tarragona. There are also the great monasteries of Poblet and Santas Creus. While in the realm of scenery, I can recommend the mountain resorts of Molina, Nuria and Puigcerda; and the Aran Valley, as lovely a spot as any in the Pyrenees. Sitges and Castelldefels are excellent seaside resorts, while last but not least is the Catalonian capital of Barcelona, which superficially, at least, is a pleasanter place for foreigners than Madrid. It is on the Mediterranean instead of in the middle of a bleak plateau; it is easily reached direct from London or Paris, and is a good base for interesting excursions. Its shops are very attractive, and the night-life, though toned down under the present regime, is still more varied than is to be found in the capital.

Every large city which appeals to me and makes me want to return to it must have, as a primary perquisite, an entertaining strolling street. In London, Piccadilly fulfils this need; in Paris, the Grands-Boulevards; in Rome, the Corso; in Vienna, the Ring; and in Berlin, the Kurfürstendamm. There are many other examples I could cite. In Barcelona, the plane-shaded Ramblas forms one of the most attractive thoroughfares in Europe. Here you find an enchanting bird market, a colourful flower market, and some fascinating bookstalls. It is only a comparatively short walk from the Puerta de la Paz, dominated by a 200-ft. column with a statue of Columbus on its summit, to the enormous central Plaza de Cataluna, heart of the city, but it is a stroll of which I never tire, not least for the opportunity it gives for noting the activity of the people. Give me a chair at a pavement café on the Ramblas and I can while away many an hour in perfect content.

For a convenient diversion, there is the adjoining Barrio Gotico (Gothic Quarter), enchanting by day and by night. This medieval quarter of Barcelona is recommended especially for those who like to get " lost." Yet you are never far from some outstanding building, such as the Cathedral, the Town Hall, and the Palace of the Provincial Council. The Cathedral is the finest Gothic building in Catalonia, and one of the best examples in all Spain. I love especially its cloisters, complete with the famous white geese—the medieval watch-dogs. The interior of this church is very dark, but after dark the imaginative interior lighting behind its superb fifteenth-century windows presents a magical effect when seen from the square outside. This ranks among my outstanding memories.

There are other interesting churches in Barcelona, including that fantastic monstrosity the Holy Family Church. In your exploration of the city, the Fine Arts Museum, with its many fine exhibits of Romanesque and Early Catalan art, should not be missed; while, nearby, is the Spanish Town (Pueblo Español), an outdoor museum showing houses representative of Spanish architecture from every part of Spain. Finally, in this very brief survey of Barcelona's attractions, make the visit to Tibidabo, with its superb panoramic view, and, at dusk especially, the myriad lights of the city below present an entrancing spectacle. For those limited in time, I suggest that a meal at Los Caracoles (The Snails), Hostal Marti, and Siete Puertas—typical restaurants—would be my personal recommendation.

The one essential excursion to be made from Barcelona should be to Montserrat, Catalonia's sacred mountain. The history of its great monastery dates back to the ninth century at least, and its foundation is linked with a celebrated Black Virgin (" La Moreneta "), carved according to tradition by St. Luke and brought to Spain by St. Peter. This image is the goal of countless pilgrims, especially newly-weds who come here to secure her special blessing on their union. Behind this mountain monastery lies an amazing background of rocky peaks,

IN GERONA : The seventeenth-century Palacio del Vizcondado is approached by the street of steps. At the top of them is the Church of San Martin, built between 1606 and 1610. Gerona's outstanding building is the Gothic Cathedral.

TRAVELLING BY AIR, AND HOLIDAYS IN THE WINTER

The new cheap winter return fares which will be introduced by B.E.A. on their domestic routes from November 1 suggest all kinds of interesting possibilities for week-end travel to Scotland, Northern Ireland or even Manchester. Eight pounds return between Glasgow, Edinburgh, Belfast and London is a very attractive fare, though it is restricted to Saturdays and Sundays. What is not generally known is the fact that if a passenger wishes to travel one way at the week-end by first-class service, and one way at the week-end by tourist service, the sum which will be charged will be half the first-class fifteen-day return fare and half the eight-day week-end return fare. This provides an elasticity to the arrangements which will be most welcome.

It is also good to hear that the special road service which B.E.A. arrange to cover a number of resorts in Southern Spain in connection with their service to Gibraltar will be maintained during the winter months. This is a great help, for it enables anyone travelling out, say, on the Viscount B.E.108 flight on Tuesday or Saturday, leaving London Airport at 8.30 to arrive at a place like the Alhamar Hotel at Fuengirola at twenty past four.

Another winter service of interest to those in search of sunshine is the revival by B.O.A.C. of their South American flights between London and Caracas. A call will be made at Bermuda on the way out and on the way back, thus offering an interesting combination of winter breaks for the coming season. Fares range from the single fare de luxe at £219 13s. to tourist return at £283 10s. You leave London Airport at 7.30 p.m. and arrive at Caracas the next day at 1.40 p.m. Unfortunately, the break at Bermuda occurs at five o'clock in the morning and only lasts forty-five minutes.

Now is the time, of course, to be thinking of that winter holiday. December is always a tricky month except in Ceylon, where the climate nestling down in the latter seventies is warm and comfortable. One sixteen-day holiday, visiting most of the places of interest, including Kandy and Nuwara Eliya, costs £349. For much the same price a three-week holiday, with similar sightseeing arrangements *en route*, can be fixed up for £355 per head in Southern Rhodesia, with three days at the Victoria Falls.

Madeira and the Canary Islands are very likely to suit most people's pockets. Hotels are reasonably priced and the air and steamer fares are not excessive. Prices vary, of course, for inclusive holidays, but you can take £85 as a starting-point, with hotel prices at pension rates for ten days from 13 guineas.

My own recommendation for January is Alicante, which, I am told by meteorological experts, is more likely to be dry and sunny than any other place in Europe at that time. Travelling by rail, a fifteen-day holiday would cost you anything from £57 to £71. Air is quicker, of course, but it will cost you £20 more. Alicante is still very much off the beaten track, and offers a refuge from winter within easy reach of Britain.

W.D.C.C.

CATALONIA'S SACRED MOUNTAIN : In addition to its historical importance and its monastery, Montserrat is famous for its strange rocky pinnacles formed by erosion and separated by fissures of varying depth. From the summit of San Jeronimo the view is particularly magnificent. A visit to Montserrat is "the one essential excursion from Barcelona."

many of them rising like giant stalagmites. From the summit of San Jeronimo the view is particularly magnificent. There is, incidentally, a cable-way. So tremendous are the gorges into which you look down, that the eye can scarcely fathom their depths. There is the grotto in which the miraculous image of the Virgin was found, known as the *Cieva de la Virgen*, which is within easy reach of the monastery. But, perhaps, the chief delight of a visit to Montserrat lies in hearing the singing of its choir of boys' voices, which is as glorious an experience as one can find in Spain. The school in which these boys are taught dates back to the thirteenth century—one of the oldest institutions of its kind in Europe. Enquire from the tourist information office in Barcelona regarding the current time of this singing service, otherwise you may be disappointed. It is usually about 1 p.m.

Also within easy reach of Barcelona are San Cugat, with its interesting abbey and church, and Tarrasa, where there is a group of three Romanesque churches. Farther afield, on the main road to Puigcerda, are Vich and Ripoll. The former, an important ecclesiastical centre, has some interesting Roman remains, but its most curious feature is its Cathedral, within which are the mural paintings by Jose Maria Sert which cover almost every available part of the walls. I have seen nothing like them elsewhere. They have been described as "endless contortions of heroically striving masculinity," and they seem to present much the same theme as the Vigeland statues in Oslo. You may not like them. They are painted in black, gold and ochre, and are staggering to the eye, but they are well worth seeing.

It happened that my own visit to Vich was on a Saturday, when the weekly market was being held in the main square—as has been the case for over 2,000 years; and there is a strange unwritten law that on this day there must be no quarrelling. The scene is typically Spanish, and nowhere in Catalonia will one eat better than at the Hotel Colon.

North of Vich is Ripoll, where the Benedictine monastery has cloisters containing several hundred columns with superbly carved capitals. The west doorway of the church is also a remarkable example of Romanesque work. From Ripoll the main road climbs into the mountains, and you come to Nuria (6,600 ft.) and La Molina. Both are popular winter sports resorts, but they are delightful, too, in summer. Close to the frontier is Puigcerda, where there are several hotels and an excellent golf-course. West of Puigcerda is Seo de Urgel, with a twelfth-century Romanesque Cathedral, whose bishop is co-ruler, with the President of the French Republic, of semi-independent Andorra, the frontier of which is only six miles distant.

Typically Alpine in character is the Valley of Aran, but it is not particularly easy to reach. Entry is best made from France through the frontier posts at Fos and Les, and there is a daily bus running through the valley. In summer and in winter (weather permitting) there are also bus links to the south, in Spain. The villages in this district are picturesque and they retain many traditional customs. There are forests, lakes and rivers (good trout fishing). In Viella, Arties, Bosost, and Salardu are interesting Romanesque churches, and the area is favourable to excursions on foot. The accommodation is simple but adequate.

South-west of Barcelona are Sitges, the biggest and most fashionable seaside resort in Catalonia, with an excellent beach, and Tarragona, a one-time Roman capital, with some outstanding remains. These include the city walls, some of which are Cyclopean, and the evocative monuments created by the Romans. This city was one of the gates through which their civilisation entered Spain, and it was chosen as the temporary residence of at least two Emperors, including Augustus and Hadrian. It was at its height during the second century, and historians claim that there were then at least a million inhabitants and that the powerful walls were forty miles in circumference.

Equally important, in a different way, is the twelfth-century Cathedral, one of the most interesting specimens of Gothic architecture in Spain. Its cloisters have marvellously sculptured capitals, some of them being of whimsical design. They were carved when art was highly individual and the creator's imagination was allowed full scope. The interior has its artistic treasures, too, including the tomb of James the Conqueror, King of Majorca, and a fine retablo.

From Tarragona, a pleasant place for a holiday, there are two outstanding excursions: to the monasteries of Poblet and Santas Creus. (Poblet is 30 miles away, Santas Creus 24 miles.) In medieval times, these Cistercian monasteries were among the most famous in Spain. Poblet was the burial-place of the Aragon kings, and the church there is full of their splendid tombs, which are now well-looked-after. The monks who were driven out over a century ago have now returned. The buildings show memories of the terrible destruction wrought by the mob during the wars of Don Carlos. I found my own visit to this national monument a most rewarding experience, for it enabled me to picture the strength of this medieval community.

Santas Creus is smaller than Poblet, yet in some ways it is the more attractive of the two. Its two cloisters are both gems of art, and there is an interesting church. But, undoubtedly, Poblet is the most rewarding place to visit.

Finally, in this little tour of Catalonia, I feel that brief mention must be made of Gerona, the Roman Gerunda. It is picturesquely situated, with the River Oñar running through it. According to tradition, it was here that St. James first preached in the Peninsula. Its history has been varied, including several severe sieges, in one of which salvation came through the efforts of St. Narcissus. His image had the power of becoming purulent and thus producing legions of flies, of so poisonous a nature that they stung to death 40,000 horsemen and 24,000 horses. As late as 1684 it demolished an entire French army. These miracles not unnaturally led the local authorities to declare the saint their captain-general, and to lay their staff of command upon his shrine in the Church of San Feliu. The Cathedral, however, is the outstanding building, and its nave is the widest of any Christian church. Unfortunately, the impression of vastness is considerably lessened by the Spanish custom of placing the choir in the middle of the nave, thus spoiling the perspective.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

Spanish State Tourist Office, 67, *Jermyn Street*, *London*, *S.W.*1.

SOME RECOMMENDED HOTELS

Barcelona	RITZ, COLON
Sitges	TERRAMAR, PENSION ALGUADOLE
Castelldefels	REY DON JAIME I
Tarragona	EUROPA
Nuria	NURIA
La Molina	SOLINEU
Puigcerda	GOLF

A SCENE OF SPLENDOUR AND SOLEMNITY : From the throne in the Hall of the Knights, in the Binnenhof, in The Hague, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands performs the traditional opening ceremony of the new session of the Dutch Parliament. Sitting on her left is her husband, Prince Bernhard, and next to him is Princess Irene. Sitting on the Queen's right is Princess Beatrix. In her speech Queen Juliana said that the countries of the free world still did not act in sufficient unity. The Dutch Government was making every effort to bring into being a free trade zone. She instanced her country's increased activities in the development of atomic energy for peaceful purposes. The fact that at least in this field fruitful world-wide consultation had proved possible was a gladdening element of international relations. Developments in Indonesia had imposed burdens on Dutch economy, but the stresses to which it was subjected in the past year had largely disappeared.

DUTCH PARLIAMENT'S NEW SESSION

Queen Juliana Performs the Traditional Opening Ceremony in The Hague

AFTER THE OPENING OF THE NEW SESSION OF THE DUTCH PARLIAMENT : From the balcony of the Palace Noordeinde, in The Hague, Queen Juliana, Princess Beatrix, Princess Irene and Prince Bernhard acknowledge the cheers of the crowds assembled in front of the Royal residence.

THE STATE DRIVE : *Left*—Members of the Dutch Royal Family ride in the golden carriage to the Knights Hall, in the Binnenhof, in The Hague. *Right*—After the ceremony, Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard ride in an open landau. With them are their two youngest daughters, Princess Margriet (opposite her father) and Princess Marijke. When the Dutch Budget for 1959 was presented to Parliament it showed a deficit of about £143,000,000 and a total expenditure of £820,000,000.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

SHOE PRODUCTION AND SALESMANSHIP

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

IN no branch of modern retailing are the decorative arts of salesmanship more lavishly deployed than in selling shoes. The potential customer is wooed first with an exceptional volume of exceptionally handsome press advertising: the industry is currently spending something in the region of £1,250,000 a year on this. But the appeal to the eye only starts there. Walk down any High Street in Britain and the chances are that the most glittering, ultra-modern shop windows, entrances and general decor nowadays will belong to the local branches of nation-wide multiple shoe stores.

In Britain's big cities, where these stores often congregate in key shopping streets—as, for example, in Oxford Street, the West End of London's "street of the sandalmakers"—the façades, window displays and layout of these temples of retailing have reached a peak of competitive elegance. Lush carpeting, tasteful colour schemes, soft lighting "make the whole store sell," in the words of the marketing consultant. This emphasis on providing a luxurious *ambience* within which the customer can browse, deliberate and compare has reached a level comparable only perhaps in recent commercial history with the late Oscar Deutsch's building of the Odeon super-cinemas in the '30's or perhaps with the elaborate booking offices, attentions and service in flight of the international airlines.

On the airlines, that service, good food and drink, is a substitute for price competition. In selling footwear, it is a supplement to very keen competition in price and quality and, above all, in design: it is a reasonable inference, after all, that a really fashionable shop will sell really fashionable shoes. This competition may be intense enough to make it worth while for a company to pre-empt as much display and selling frontage as possible in the streets that offer really high turnover. Lilley and Skinner, which has recently extensively modernised its "largest shoe store in Europe" in Oxford Street, concentrates all its selling effort in the street into that one temple of footwear; Dolcis, on the other hand, has five shops in Oxford Street. This multiplication of selling points has been a matter of deliberate company policies—quite apart from the effects of the amalgamations of the last few years, which have had the further effect of bringing together many directly competing shoe stores in towns all over Britain under the same ultimate owners.

All are competing for a market worth, last year, about £240,000,000: that is what the British people spent on footwear of all kinds last year. When you compare it with the £73,000,000 they spent in 1938 it looks a fine large increase: but the shoe trade is uncomfortably aware that most of that increase has come from inflation. At constant prices, the volume of buying has grown by less than 30 per cent. since pre-war times; and if you also take into account the growth in population, spending per head is up less than 20 per cent. If anything, spending on boots and shoes in 1957 represented a rather smaller percentage of total consumer spending than it did in 1938; the trade is not quite keeping up with the general rise in standards of living.

That, in a sense, was predictable. As people grow richer, they do not necessarily consume much more of the same things they always did; it extends their range of purchases to things they used not to be able to afford. All the consumer durables and extra services coming within the income reach of more and more people—television, cars, foreign holidays—are claims on the extra "disposable income" that people have to spend. Expenditure on necessities remains more stable. And shoes are a necessity—though naturally enough the shoe trade uses every device of design and fashion to make them also a luxury.

It is total turnover that matters for the total prosperity of the trade, but the physical quantities of footwear bought are of great significance for its structure. And to-day the average consumer in Britain seems to be buying fewer shoes than before the war, though he (or, more importantly, she) spends more on each pair. This means a shift in demand towards the higher-quality shoe. It would also seem likely to mean concentration in the industry—and so it has, with the process occurring fastest at the selling end. But most of the big multiple shoe chains have substantial manufacturing interests themselves; moreover, their own growing share of the trade that is done gives them a growing influence over manufacturers who are not heavily engaged in selling their own shoes.

After the succession of amalgamations by take-over bids or direct negotiation, the Sears group now controls about 1,500 shops scattered throughout Britain (Freeman Hardy and Willis, True-Form, Dolcis, Manfield, and Phillips are among the chains now owned by this group); Saxone-Lilley and Skinner have about 500 shops, British Bata about 300, Lotus and Delta and William Barrett about 150 each. The biggest single shoe manufacturer in Britain, C. and J. Clark, of Street, Somerset, owns some shops itself, but sells mainly through independent agents.

The multiple shoe stores last year accounted for about 65 per cent. of the turnover of shoes sold in Britain; their share has been growing fairly steadily since the war. Their bargaining power *vis-à-vis* the independent manufacturer is thus growing as well as becoming more concentrated: but it is exercised mainly in arguing about margins, rather than in exercising guidance over design and manufacturing policy as, for example, Marks and Spencer does in clothing manufacture. Few people in the shoe industry feel confident enough to assume that they can offer general guidance in design, which is the crux of the market: there is need for as much independence and variety in this as the thousand or so factories which make shoes in Britain can offer.

MAKING SHOES IN STAFFORDSHIRE: In the Closing Room at the Stone Factory of Lotus Ltd., the process of stitching the uppers together is carried out with about seventy different operations. There is actually one operation for the "closing," which is done when the back seams are joined together. All the operators work on different types of sewing machines.

Shoemaking itself is not a highly concentrated industry, either geographically or in manufacturing capacity. Traditionally, the centre of the industry is in the North Midlands, and about half of the industry is located there; but in recent years production in the West Country has been rising in importance. Trends in the market have shifted the balance between areas specialising in different kinds of shoes; makers of slippers and cheaper shoes in the Rossendale Valley, in Lancashire, for example, have been particularly hit by rising imports of cheap shoes from Hong Kong and elsewhere.

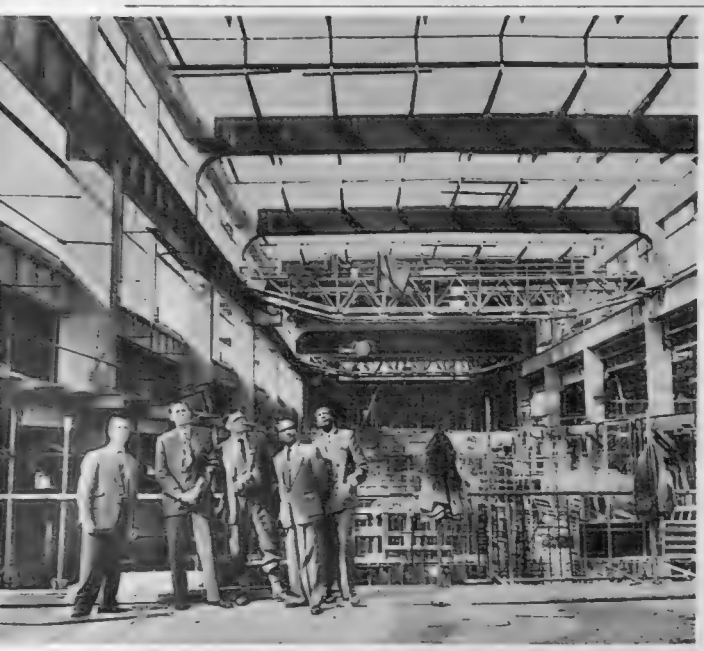
The rapid growth of imports from Hong Kong, where a highly efficient industry has been set up using modern machinery on multiple shifts with cheap labour, is often instanced as a menace to British shoe manufacture, both in the home market and in our export markets (Britain is still almost the world's biggest exporter of shoes, and has an unrivalled reputation for high-quality men's shoes). But inside Britain, the fastest-growing foreign competition of recent years has come from the Continent—styles for women and now, indeed, for men from France, Switzerland, and in particular from Italy. Shoes are one of the several things that Italians design very well; while some of their styles for men tend to lift the average male eyebrow here, the elegance and delicacy of their shoes for women is providing at present perhaps the dominant strain in European footwear fashions.

Britain's industry has some iconoclasts who think our own design, particularly of women's shoes, lags seriously behind styles in Europe: yet on the whole the industry is optimistic about its chances if trade with Europe becomes freer, mainly because this ought to remove the import quotas that are maintained by several of the Continental countries which have recently been exporting to us most successfully. Nevertheless, British exports in the last few years have been fairly stable, something over 9,000,000 pairs a year, worth perhaps £1,000,000. And in recent years imports of shoes into Britain have gone on rising rapidly: to-day they are five to six times the quantity and value that they were in 1950.

Technically, shoe manufacture has many of the characteristics of mass production—with the limitation that variety of styles at any one time, and continuous change in most styles over time, are essential. The main makers of shoemaking machinery, the British United Shoe Machinery Company, and their American associates, have steadily developed more labour-saving equipment over the years; the volume of output at which relatively high productive efficiency can be attained with this is not immense, which enables small firms with good design ideas to compete quite effectively. In materials, the most important development of recent years is the steady growth of what the trade calls "non-leather"; both where the whole shoe is made of rubber or other materials, and in the soles for leather shoes. Of the leather shoes made by firms in the Footwear Manufacturers' Federation at present, about 53 per cent. have soles made from other materials—primarily rubber and the various "resin rubbers" in which synthetic resins, such as Monsanto's "Tred," play a part. About 15 per cent. of all footwear made in Britain at present, indeed, is now being made by the "moulded footwear" process, in which high-pressure machinery at once moulds the sole and heel of rubber and bonds it permanently to the leather upper.

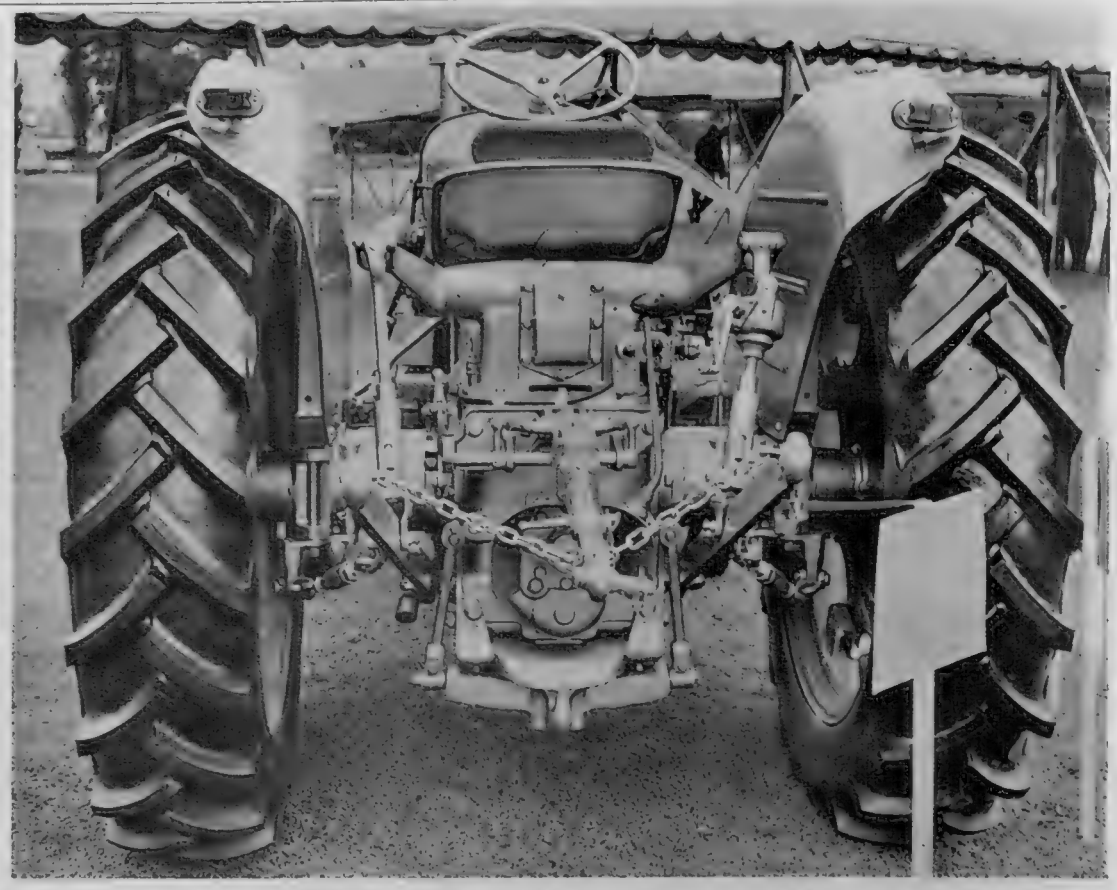
It has not only been the shift towards spending on "conventional luxuries" since the war that has limited the growth of the market for shoes in this country: there was, in addition, a relative shrinkage in the population of people between fifteen and thirty-nine, who provide the shoe shop's most free-spending customers. To-day, the effect of a higher birth-rate after the war is beginning to swell that age-group: the bulge of adolescents who will emerge from the schools in the next five years or so should reinforce this trade's best customers. At the same time, these adolescents have tastes of their own, with at present some leaning towards anything that can be labelled as Continental. British shoe designers will have to be on their own toes in the next few years if they are to shoe those of their new customers.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*



AT A NUCLEAR POWER STATION

Some of the people attending the Conference of Commonwealth Nuclear Scientists in London look at features of the turbine hall during a visit to the nuclear power station at Bradwell-on-Sea, in Essex. It is being built by the Nuclear Power Plant Company Limited for the Central Electricity Generating Board. The site covers an area of 140 acres. The reactors are the same as those at the station at Calder Hall, in Cumberland. They are graphite-moderated and gas-cooled and use natural uranium as fuel.

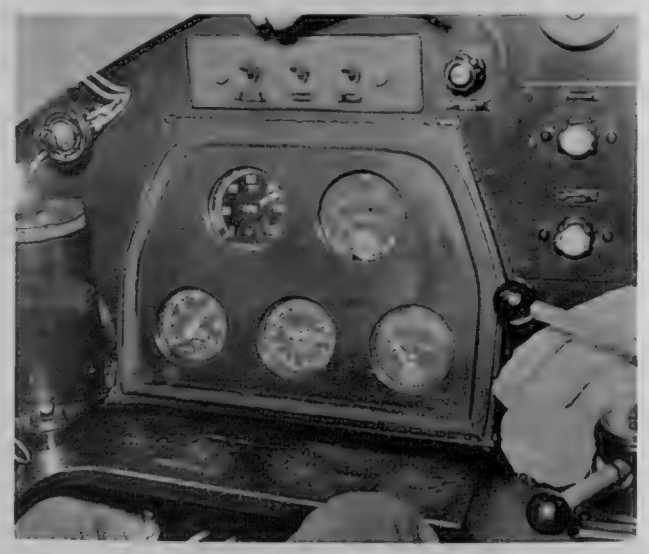


MORE POWER FOR FARMING

During the last nine months, the Ford Motor Company has introduced two major developments in its tractor production plans. The first was the launching of the Fordson Dexta (in November 1957) and the second the announcement of the Fordson Power Major. Introduced at the end of 1951, the Fordson Major gained world-wide recognition for its performance, reliability and economy. To date, nearly 264,000 of these tractors have been built. They are now being fitted with a new and more powerful engine which is to be known as the Power Major. The power unit remains a 4-cylinder type, similar in design to the previous one, to run on either petrol or diesel oil. It develops 51·8 brake-horse-power, nearly 11 brake-horse-power more than the former engine. This increase has been achieved by modifications to the cylinder head and valve gear. Minor modifications have been made to the transmission to take care of the extra power, while the other alterations include rear wheels more easily adjustable for track and a redesigned instrument panel. The price of the new tractor has been increased by £30. It now costs £649 15s., complete with hydraulic lift and linkage, and a proof meter and water-temperature gauge incorporated in the instrument panel. The former has an extra band added to give the road speed in fourth gear.

POWERED SUPPORT IN THE PITS

The introduction of Dowty hydraulic props into British coal-mines in 1946 began a period of accelerated progress in the development of mine-roof support techniques. The high, uniform resistance provided by hydraulic props greatly improved roof conditions, minimising bed separation and roof falls. Support setting was speeded up, economies were effected and higher standards of safety established. Dowty props paved the way for the successful development of mechanised mining techniques and increased productivity in existing mining practice. More than 1,000,000 have been supplied to coalfields in Britain and many other countries. Continued Dowty research has now led to a striking technological advance—the Dowty Roofmaster system of "self-advancing," hydraulic-powered supports for fully-mechanised mining. The Roofmaster embodies many years' experience in hydraulic support systems, providing faster, safer and simpler support than was formerly possible. Double- and triple-prop support units are released, advanced and reset by a simple valve control. Economies in manpower are effected, only two men being needed for roof control, and one for advancing the conveyor.



FAST TRAIN TO LONDON

The new *Master Cutler*, which was introduced on the Eastern Region of British Railways last week, is the first diesel-hauled Pullman train in this country. On its inaugural run from Sheffield to King's Cross the locomotive's speedometer, seen in the picture *above*, registered 90 m.p.h. The picture *on the left* shows the train hauled by a Type 4, 2,000 h.p. diesel-electric locomotive supplied to the Region by the English Electric Company. It leaves Sheffield (Victoria) at 7.20 a.m. on Mondays to Fridays, reaching King's Cross at 10.5, and departs from London at 7.20 in the evening. On both journeys the only stop is at Retford. For passengers travelling from London to Sheffield in the morning there is a new diesel-hauled service which leaves King's Cross at 11.20 and arrives at 2.15 p.m. In every twenty-four hours the same locomotive makes the journey four times ; in addition, it is used to haul freight traffic during the night. The new *Master Cutler* takes the place of the original train of that name which was introduced in 1947 over the former Great Central line between Sheffield and Marylebone. Within the next five years the Eastern Region expect to have about 400 main-line diesel locomotives. This will form part of the British Railways Modernisation Plan, which also includes the electrification of lines on the overhead high-voltage A.C. system.

CONCRETE GRANDSTAND

It is shaped like a flattened "C" and has been built at Richmond (Surrey) Athletic Ground to replace the old grandstand destroyed by fire in 1957. This picture of the back of the building shows the fourteen supporting ribs which carry the 6-in.-thick seating slab and the 4½-in.-thick roof slab. The ribs themselves are each carried on columns and are reinforced with Tentor steel. The entire stand is of reinforced concrete. It is 173 ft. 4 ins. long, and there is accommodation for about 1,000 spectators. The general contractors were Percy Bilton Ltd.

On left—

PORT EXTENSION

The first dredger goes into action on the construction of extensions to the port at Rotterdam. The extensions include the building of harbour basins and industrial and storage yards at the head of the island of Rozenburg, near the mouth of the New Waterway, opposite the Hook of Holland. The enormous project, known as the "Europort" plan, covers an area of some 3,875 acres. Of this, 1,000 acres are to be used for the digging of harbour basins and canals and 550 for engineering purposes. The new harbour basins will be initially linked up with the New Waterway so that they will be in open communication with the sea. They will only be usable after the connection with the New Waterway has been replaced by a new harbour entrance direct from the sea. The extensions are expected to be completed by the end of 1960.

A HEAVY FABRICATING SHOP

The view is of the completed first bay of a new heavy fabricating shop, with a lift of 100 tons, at the Thornaby Works of Head Wrightson and Co. Ltd. The erection of this shop was part of a major expansion scheme undertaken by the Company for the manufacture of plant for the nuclear industry and for steel-making plant using new processes, which necessitates construction on a massive scale. The advent of the tonnage oxygen plant is to bring about a revolution in methods of steel-making. It is not confined to the steel-makers—plant manufacturers are equipping themselves to meet the demands of industry. Among them is Head Wrightson, who are able to supply three main types of pneumatic steel-making plants.

AN OXYGEN PROCESS INCREASES STEEL OUTPUT

Major modification to a 350-ton tilting open-hearth furnace at the Scunthorpe works of Appleby-Frodingham Steel Company, a branch of the United Steel Companies Limited, has led to a substantial increase in steel output compared with normal furnaces for approximately the same cost per ingot ton of steel. This has been achieved by the use of oxygen in the specially-adapted furnace and in the picture *above* oxygen lance is entering the furnace at right through steel casing which is designed to eliminate infiltration and thereby minimise the volume of waste gases to be cleaned. Experiments in the oxygen lancing of open-hearth furnaces carried out at Appleby-Frodinghams since 1950 have led to some exceptionally high rates of production. During a recent four-week period, the modified furnace produced a record for this country of 19,263 tons of steel, making over 5,000 tons a week in three of the four weeks.

A FLEXIBLE BARGE FOR TRANSPORTING FLUIDS : A student runs along a 100-ft.-long Dracone barge to test its strength after it had been towed by a launch through Southampton Water to enable the cargo of 40 tons of oil to be pumped into the tanker *Esso Parkgate*, in the background. The tanker has about the same capacity as the barge. Made of nylon and synthetic rubber, the Dracone has been developed over the last two years by the National Research Development Corporation from designs conceived by three scientists at Cambridge University during the Suez crisis. The main idea is to tow liquid cargoes in rubber and nylon envelopes which, after discharge, can be rolled up and crated back ready for another load. It is claimed that the capital and operating costs of these "sausage"-shaped barges will be considerably less than for the equivalent size of conventional barges, and that they can come into contact with ships or piers without any fear of damage. Whereas a rigid barge for oil carriage of 10,000 gallons would cost about £6,000, the manufacturing cost of an equivalent-capacity Dracone would be about £3,000, and while the considerable weight of a conventional barge must be towed back from the point of discharge in ballast, the container can be wound on a floating reel. The reel can then be taken back by ship, train or lorry. The synthetic rubber coatings on the nylon fabric are claimed to resist petrol or fuel oil on the inside and sea water and sunlight on the outside.

A Sea Serpent at Southampton

Demonstrating a Flexible Oil Barge Made of Nylon and Synthetic Rubber

On right—

SNAKING THROUGH THE WATER : When the towing vessel turns, the Dracone kinks, giving manœuvrability in a crowded waterway. The barge, looking like a serpent, is 5 ft. in diameter.

DISCHARGING THE CARGO: *Left*—The nylon and synthetic rubber barge is coupled up to the tanker *Esso Parkgate* and the cargo of 40 tons of oil is being pumped out. *Right*—As the oil is discharged from the tail, the barge is wound up on to a large spool from the nose. It was the first demonstration of a device which may have an extensive application in the coastal and inland carriage of various types of liquid cargoes. The barge is appropriately called the Dracone—the Greek name for a serpent.

MODERN MILAN

Skyscrapers Give a New Aspect to the World-famous Art Centre of Northern Italy

A popular English guide-book to Northern Italy informs its readers that Milan "is the principal commercial and industrial centre of the country. At the same time it is a city of great historical and artistic interest, with a world-famous cathedral and magnificent collections of works of art." It needs no emphasis that those who visit Milan go there with such names in their minds as Filarete and Bramante, Amadeo and Bergognone, da Vinci and Boltraffio. Music-lovers naturally head straight for La Scala Theatre during the opera season. Those in search of culture may be somewhat astonished if in their walks about the city they find themselves surrounded not by Rennaissance architecture but by modern skyscrapers. For though the guide-book admits Milan's commercial importance, it gives little information about it.

The fact is that the city cannot live upon the past, and business premises and domestic dwellings have to be found for its ever-increasing population. The juxtaposition of old and new may jar at first. But just as the Sforzas gave the city its original renown by being contemporary at the end of the fifteenth century, so the Milanese of to-day look to the present and the future.

On right—

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S CITY TO-DAY: This vista of towering concrete structures is not a picture of a town in the United States. It shows a section of Milan. The principal city of Northern Italy includes among its art treasures Leonardo's "Last Supper."

ANCIENT AND MODERN: The two pinnacles in the foreground top a side of the Cathedral of Milan, which is often regarded as the most magnificent Gothic building in Northern Italy. Between the pinnacles, towards the background, is the Velasca tower, surrounded by other modern edifices. The juxtaposition of ancient and modern has caused controversy among experts.

ARRIVAL IN MILAN: The railway station is on the left. In the right foreground scaffolding surrounds the Pirelli headquarters nearing completion. Milan, Italy's second largest city, has a population of over 1,343,000 inhabitants.

On right—

THE SFORZA INHERITANCE: The three skyscrapers on the Place of the Republic are, from left to right, S.A.R.O.M., still under construction; the new headquarters of the Pirelli Company; and the Repubblica building. Those who go to Milan for its art treasures may at first react adversely to such modern intrusions among the Duomo, the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie and the Brera Gallery. But reflection will remind that the Sforzas, who gave the city international renown, were progressive in their outlook.

The World of Books

TWO SIDES OF LIFE IN ASIA

The Indomitable Spirit of a Singapore Nurse; Mapping the Himalaya; the Mystery of Multiple Personality; Fiction from Both Sides of the Atlantic

BETWEEN the little Chinese girl who used to bath her parents' pigs twice a day and the matron of a big hospital in Singapore there is a gap of only twenty-five years in time, but of far more than that in terror, pain, danger and quite extraordinary hardship. Miss Janet Lim tells her own story in SOLD FOR SILVER (Collins. 16s.), and a fantastic one it is. Happily, one may now consider that she has sailed into a harbour of some security, is doing the work for which she is eminently fitted, and is finding a true release for her lively spirit and intelligence. But her life until fairly recently has been bitterly hard. Janet Lim was eight years old when her beloved doctor father died, her mother re-married and abandoned her, and she was sold as a servant and concubine. It was scarcely an auspicious start to childhood and adolescence, but the local Christian Mission was able to procure her release, to send her to school and to arrange the first steps of her training as a nurse.

Then came the war, and with it the evacuation of the hospital where she worked and the bombing of the escape ship. After some terrible days on a raft she was rescued by fishermen and landed on Sumatra. Since that country was then in Japanese hands it could be said that her adventures had hardly begun, and, indeed, these were terrible enough. Once she was sentenced to become a Japanese "comfort girl," once to be executed by a firing squad, but managed to escape both fates through a grain of luck and a whole bushel of courage and independence. For Janet Lim's has always been a fighting spirit and, except for one dreadful term of Japanese imprisonment, when she attempted to end her agonies by throttling herself with a knotted rope, she fought back constantly against the enemy and survived their treatment and the near-starvation of the last months of the war. Her story is an inspiring one, and all the better for the straightforward, almost artless, manner of its telling.

MOUNTAINS AND A MONASTERY (Bles. 21s.), Mr. Peter Holmes' book of mountain climbing, adventure and map-making, is related to Asia as well, but in a very different context. Mr. Holmes was recently married and had returned from one Himalayan expedition when a friend, whom he describes with the most evident affection as a "merciless General," persuaded him that the cartography of the district, which, incidentally, the General had also visited, was far from complete. Mr. Holmes' task, obviously, was to return there and make a job of it, and this is what he did, having with some difficulty raised the money and equipment.

His book describes the area in which he and his young wife travelled, immediately south of Kashmir and west of Tibet, and gives an accurate and often amusing account of their climbs, discoveries and new acquaintances. The district is the Spiti (the "s" is silent) and the people the 'Pitoons. Mr. Holmes returned with a healthy respect for their comparatively uncivilised lives and for their indomitable cheerfulness. He has also added some very practical appendices, a few maps, and not nearly enough of his own excellent photographs.

The extraordinary case of the American woman who had a multiple personality, which is as near as one can get to describing her situation, was dealt with in a recent book by her doctors. Now Evelyn Lancaster herself, with James Poling, has written her own story, STRANGERS IN MY BODY—THE FINAL FACE OF EVE (Secker and Warburg. 18s.), which supplements and continues the earlier volume and explains, as far as such mysteries can ever be explained, how it was that three personalities, Eve White, Eve Black and Jane, inhabited her body in turn. As they successively "died," her own integrated character emerged, and she dates her own birth from November 1954, although she is a woman of thirty-one. An amazing book, as bewildering as it is absorbing.

WHY SHOULD I BE DISMAYED? (Faber. 15s.) is the story of another woman's dilemma, though a more commonplace one. Names of people and places have been changed, but this is also a true story. Ann Bruce writes about her life as an unmarried mother, her previous life in the A.T.S. in Occupied Germany, and a great deal about her un-self-pitying, frank and fairly rumbustious career as a woman and as a highly unconventional character, whether in domesticity or adventure. Courageous, uncomfortable and provocative reading.

From this side of the Atlantic come three contemporary novels and an admirable collection of short stories: from the other, four equally up-to-the-minute novels about assorted characters and eccentrics. THE PROSPECTS ARE PLEASING (Methuen. 15s.) is by Miss Honor Tracy, a witty and wonderful examination of the premise that the legend of Irish dreaminess is based on the fact of Irish complacence. I found this book funny enough to make me laugh aloud, and its dead-pan humour marvellous. If anti-inflation measures are to be taken, why can't they all be like this? I can't think of many which would work more successfully. Even Dublin's most loyal admirers should enjoy this, and how it will make the cups rattle in the Shelbourne and the glasses flash in Jammet's!

THE PROPHET BIRD (Bodley Head. 15s.) is the story of a young, intelligent, unpredictable couple who marry during the war, live through its months of boredom and terror, its hours of rapture, and emerge at the end of it into a Welfare State, which the author sees, with a certain bias, as the source of most of their unhappiness. By this time they have two little sons, clever and engaging as they are themselves, in spite of the husband's fecklessness and nomadic disposition and the wife's not unreasonable bouts of despair. Mrs. Esther Terry Wright has a light, allusive style and a brilliant—no lesser word will do—way of writing about children. For these two alone the book would be well worth reading.

A YOUNG PRINCESS IN BANGKOK: The daughter of Prince Bhanu, she is seen in the grounds of his palace. The picture is reproduced from Baron's *Ballet Finale* (Collins. 42s.) and is the third and last of the books on the ballet consisting of photographs taken by the famous photographer who died two years ago. Arnold Haskell writes the commentary for the illustrations.

Mr. Humfrey Jordan, who is rapidly becoming the Unofficial Chief Novelist of the Merchant Navy, has a new sea-going story in SPOILING FOR MISCHIEF (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.). This has all the Jordan hallmarks of good technical detail, candid admiration for the officers in English merchant shipping, and the added bonus of travel to very foreign parts. The ship in question this time is a new 10,000-ton tramp-cum-ocean liner which takes mixed cargo and as many as fourteen passengers. It is bound for Melbourne *via* Cape Town, and later home again along the east coast of Africa, with a short stop for an odd and not unexciting adventure inland. Good plain fare and the expert sea talk is, as ever, uncommonly interesting.

Mr. Geoffrey Household's sixteen short stories, cosmopolitan, polished, skilful and, above all, immensely varied, are among his best work. The title story of THE BRIDES OF SOLOMON (Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.), deals with a highly unusual settlement in the Peruvian forest, while the protagonists of *Salute* are a cheerful Frenchwoman shopkeeper and the older German woman who, in the war years, had stood between her and the Gestapo. Mr. Household, it must also be said, has an uncanny facility for writing in the first person, but in so many guises that it becomes a *tour de force*. Thus he becomes a French deserter, a senior centurion who meets Christ at Capernaum, or an English boy who inadvertently helped Princip to the assassinations of 1914. An amazingly good collection and recommended.

First of the four American novels is MAESTRO (Cassell. 16s.), a story of New York, with an interlude at Bellaggio, in which the technicalities of a conductor's work are at least as important as the development of the love-story. Beyond any doubt, Mr. Felix Jackson knows his musical world and knows it from the orchestra side as others might know it from the orchestra stalls. His descriptions of rehearsals really evoke the tension, the meticulous attention to detail, and the often close relationship between conductor and musicians that exist at such times. Reading such pages I was reminded of a wonderful gramophone record which I have heard, in which Bruno Walter, humming, repeating, interpolating, sometimes singing softly, takes his players through a rehearsal of part of a Brahms symphony. For the rest, the plot is more than adequate, although the heroine, who alternates between alcoholism and an equally neurotic intenseness in sober life, is something of a bore.

NORTH OF MARKET (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 13s. 6d.) is a story of San Francisco, surely one of the most amiable cities in the world, by Mr. Arthur Foff. Here is an author with a really individual style and not one too easy to assimilate at first. But as the characters, far more than the story which is fairly banal in itself, begin to interest and attract the reader, Mr. Foff wins his hand, for, from that moment, it will be difficult to put his book down. Like San Francisco itself, the book is kind to eccentricity, and it is this tolerance which informs the whole unusual and rewarding story.

LOST SUMMER (Rupert Hart-Davis. 18s.) is a first novel and one with a pretty gloomy theme: that a young girl who is a victim of rape in a small American town successively loses the sympathy of her parents, her sister, her fiancé and the community at large, and this, although she has been perfectly innocent and a very real sufferer. Mr. Christopher Davis is at his best in the passages which describe, somewhat on the story's fringe,

THE FRENCH CUISINE

A Mouth-Watering Gastronomic Tour

The domain of butter, covering Touraine, Poitou, Anjou, Artois, Flanders and Champagne, the domain of animal fat, including Alsace and Lorraine, the Central Plateau and the Auvergne, and the domain of oil, including, of course, Provence and the Côte d'Azur, provide the principal gastronomic divisions of France, and form the basis for the distinctive recipes of each region. It is with these clear-cut divisions in mind that Waverley Root has set about the task of presenting THE FOOD OF FRANCE (Cassell. 63s.). This is a work of all-round excellence, superbly written, illustrated, printed and bound. Region by region, Mr. Root takes us on tour, with a specially long stay in Provence and the county of Nice. He never omits to comment upon local wines, even the little-known vintages that seldom travel.

Appendix I, a tour of leading restaurants in each gastronomic area, and Appendix II, a tour of regional restaurants within the city of Paris, do not round off this engrossing book. There is the general index, too, an ingenious compilation of nearly thirty pages which can guide you unerringly to French towns and their specialities and the restaurants. Author Root was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1903, but clearly France is his second home and his thoughts are seldom very far away from the kitchen.

Sir John Hunt recorded the Everest adventure, the first conquest of the great peak, in a book that matched the greatness of the deed. Other participants have made their own contributions, all written with the modesty of climbing men and adding something to the record. It has been left, however, to Tom Stobart, who was in the expedition but not of it—he was responsible for bringing back a record for the film companies—to give us the most intimate, revealing and human account of the great achievement. ADVENTURER'S EYE (Odhams. 21s.) does not deal only with Mr. Stobart's Everest experiences, for when he went out to photograph in the Himalayas he already had behind him a safari in Africa with Armand and Michaela Denis and a journey to the crocodile swamps of the Gulf of Carpentaria. Everest, however, is the last great goal in his book, and in describing the anxious climax of the expedition when first Evans and Bourdillon, and then Hillary and Tenzing, struck out for the summit, he makes the reader feel he is really there accompanying these hollow-eyed determined heroes already tried seemingly beyond endurance. Mr. Stobart is a fine cameraman, but he is a writer, too, and his impressions were, one suspects, set down without much delay after the events described, because they bear all the evidence of being freshly minted.

Evelyn Laye's memoirs, BOO, TO MY FRIENDS (Hurst and Blackett. 15s.), are short and very sweet, sometimes perhaps bitter-sweet in more than one sense, for her setbacks were many, and success when it came was hard-earned. She tells in some detail of her part as Sari Linden in Noël Coward's great operetta, in which she exchanged London and New York roles with Peggy Wood, and underlying the whole story is Evelyn Laye's wonderfully successful marriage. Her many friends and admirers will rejoice in this simple and, on the whole, supremely happy record.

DIFFERENT PORTRAYALS IN LONDON OF THE LEADING CHARACTERS IN SCHILLER'S TRAGEDY: *Left*—Queen Elizabeth (Catherine Lacey) stands over Mary Stuart (Irene Worth) at the Old Vic Theatre. The production was seen earlier at the Edinburgh Festival, and the new English translation is by Stephen Spender. *Right*—The English monarch is played by Maria Wimmer and the Stuart Queen by Heidemarie Hatheyer in the Düsseldorf Playhouse production to be given in German at Sadler's Wells next Monday and Tuesday.

the conversations of two schoolboys of sixteen or so. Their talk, which sometimes has a precocious wisdom, sometimes a very young enthusiasm, is beautifully reproduced and goes a long way to compensating for the baffling behaviour of their elders.

THE LOST TRAVELLER (Gollancz. 16s.) is the tale of an American gambler, a man who moves from town to town keeping himself, his wife and his two daughters on the proceeds of his card-playing. When things are going badly he cheats, but, oddly enough, prefers not to. His real passion is in the play itself and in the sharpness of his perceptions, which so often make him the winner. When he is told that he will soon be totally blind in one eye his whole life has to change, and it is mainly with this period that Sanora Babb's strange and often vivid story is chiefly concerned. The style is direct and misleadingly simple, and the whole novel has considerable impact.

Best of this week's historical novels, and the only one for which I have space, is Miss Mary Renault's THE KING MUST DIE (Longmans. 16s.), a reconstruction of the life of young Theseus, whom she presents not as part of a legend, but as a real figure who was indeed King of Athens. It is Theseus himself who is the narrator of this fascinating and often beautiful story.

Vernon Fane

THE SATURDAY BOOK (Hutchinson. 30s.) is pure gold (though not inevitably refined), and this latest edition, No. 18 in the series, is sure of a great welcome. Of all the features perhaps the gayest, wittiest and most original is *Fayre Fulgay*, the official handbook of a West Rumset village compiled by the Fulgay and West Rumset Chamber of Commerce in association with the Fulgay Urban District Council. What a splendid take-off this is, replete with drab advertisements, even drearier photographs of housing developments and the memorial park, and florid descriptions of the West Rumset scene. Betjeman's Britain is another outstanding feature, with some really first-rate photographs by Edwin Smith. The "Philosophy of the Bed" is a contribution which has clearly called for extensive research.

Claud Cockburn is a witty commentator upon life. The first volume of his autobiography, *In Time of Trouble*, ended in 1938. Now he really steps into trouble. In CROSSING THE LINE (MacGibbon and Kee. 18s.) he is at his brightest and best, never failing, of course, to take the late Lord Northcliffe's advice about not losing one's sense of superficiality.

7000 YEARS OF POTTERY AND PORCELAIN (Peter Owen. 42s.) is the work of Max Wykes-Joyce, who has not only written a comprehensive survey of his subject but attempted at the same time a social history of the craft. The author writes about the people who made the wares and used the wares, and we see the steady development of the potter's art from 5,000 B.C. (the painted pottery of the Iranian plateau) to the present day. The eighty or more illustrations are an invaluable aid to the text.

R. C. E.

IN THE ORIGINAL GERMAN: From the left are the Earl of Shrewsbury (Peter Esser), Queen Elizabeth (Maria Wimmer) and Graf Aubespine (Otto Griess) in the Düsseldorf players' performance. The producer is K. H. Stroux.

"MARY STUART" IN ENGLISH AND GERMAN

In Edinburgh and in London critics have given high praise to the Old Vic's production of *Mary Stuart*. Mr. Spender's new English translation is excellent and the two Queens—Elizabeth and Mary—are played splendidly by Catherine Lacey and Irene Worth, with equally sound performances from the supporting cast. The producer, Peter Wood, makes no pretence that Schiller was writing history but concentrates on the profound drama of the author's sometimes imaginary plots and the counter-plots which lead inevitably to the death of the Stuart and the lonely isolation of the Tudor. By a pleasant coincidence audiences at Sadler's Wells on next Monday and Tuesday (September 29 and 30) will be able to see the tragedy in its original German. In its week's season there the Düsseldorf Playhouse Company is also performing Gerhart Hauptmann's *Michael Kramer* and G. E. Lessing's *Nathan Der Weise*.

THE MORNING OF THE EXECUTION OF MARY STUART: On the stage of the Old Vic the Queen (centre, right) holds the hand of Hanna Kennedy (Rosalind Atkinson) and pleads with Burleigh (Kenneth Mackintosh, on left) to allow Hanna to accompany her to the place of execution and bandage her eyes. In right foreground is Leicester (John Phillips).

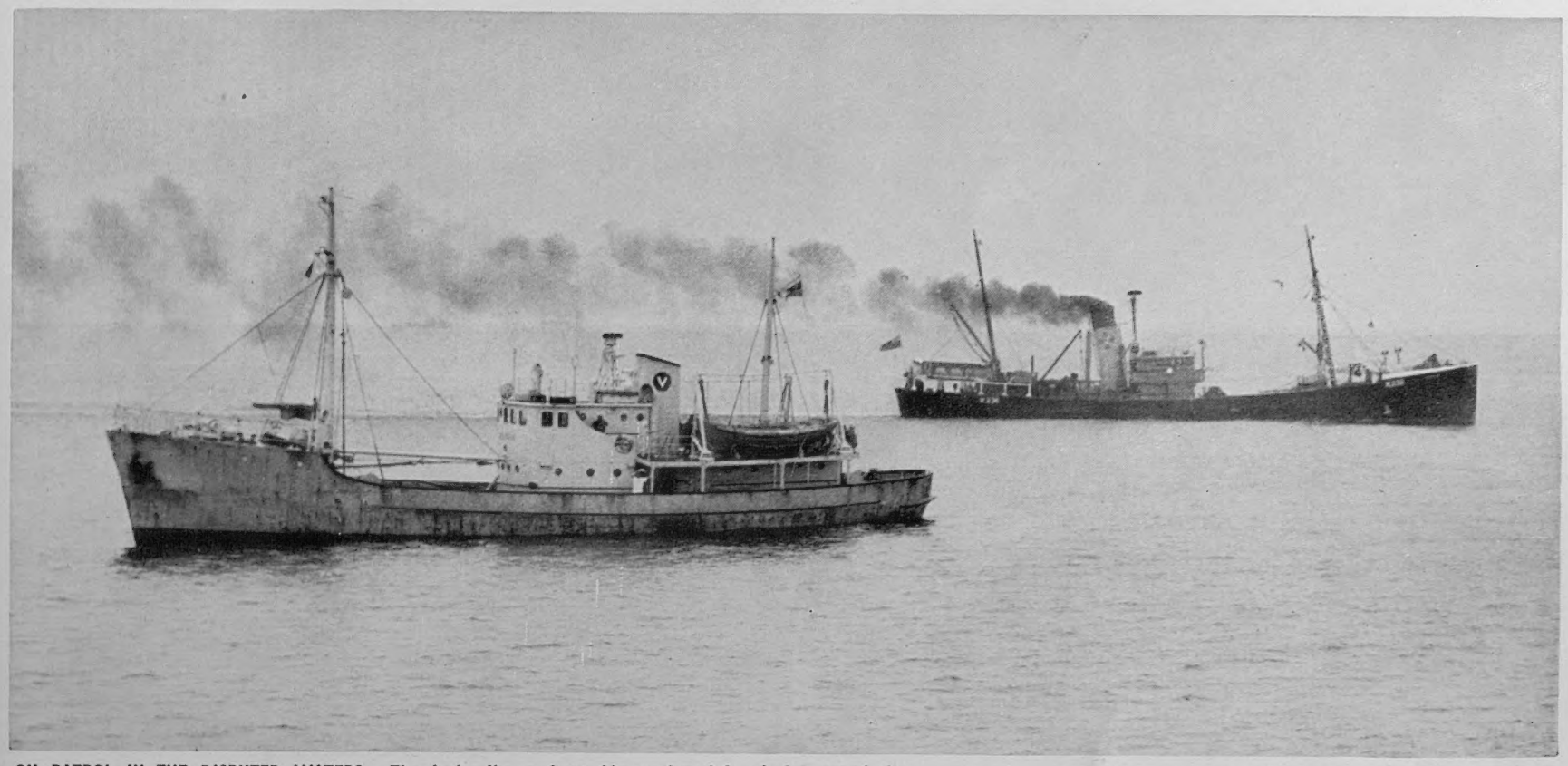
A KNIGHT AND HIS MOUNT ARMOURED FOR BATTLE TOWARDS THE END OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY : This group can now be seen in the Armoury of the Tower of London. The armour for man and horse dates from about 1480, and specimens from this period are extremely rare. Very few complete suits of Gothic armour are known to be in existence. A large grotesque face is embossed in the middle of the horse's chest. The crupper, from saddle to tail, takes the form of a long, articulated monster not unlike a large lizard or small crocodile. The acquisition, of German origin, was bought recently at an auction in Lucerne by the Tower authorities for over £8,000.

HORSE ARMOUR AT THE TOWER

A Rare Acquisition of the Fifteenth Century for the Royal Armoury in London

In the Armoury of the Tower of London, at the head of the procession of mounted figures in the Council Room of the White Tower, a great rarity is on exhibition to the public. This is a complete suit of armour for rider and horse, and it was made around 1480. The figure of the rider is covered from tip to toe in shining steel. The splendour of his armour indicates that he may have been so accoutred to distinguish him as the leader of a troop of cavalry. The horse armour is known as barding and the head covering as a chanfrin. On the chest is a peytral with, in this case, an embossed head in the centre. The plates protecting the flanks are fluted and the crupper is most interesting, having the shape of a long monster. This is presumably a humorous touch.

Until the first half of the sixteenth century there was probably a fairly representative collection of Gothic armour in the Tower. Henry VIII, however, being a man who kept abreast of his times, cleared it all out. The recently-acquired armoured suit belonged for centuries to the German house of Anhalt-Zerbst. In this century it was bought by the late William Randolph Hearst, the American newspaper proprietor, and from him passed in 1938 into the hands of a firm of art dealers in Lucerne. It remained with them until a few weeks ago the Tower of London paid £8,256 14s. 3d. for it at an auction in the Swiss city. Grants have been made towards the purchase price by the Pilgrim Trust (£2,100) and the National Art-Collections' Fund (£1,000).



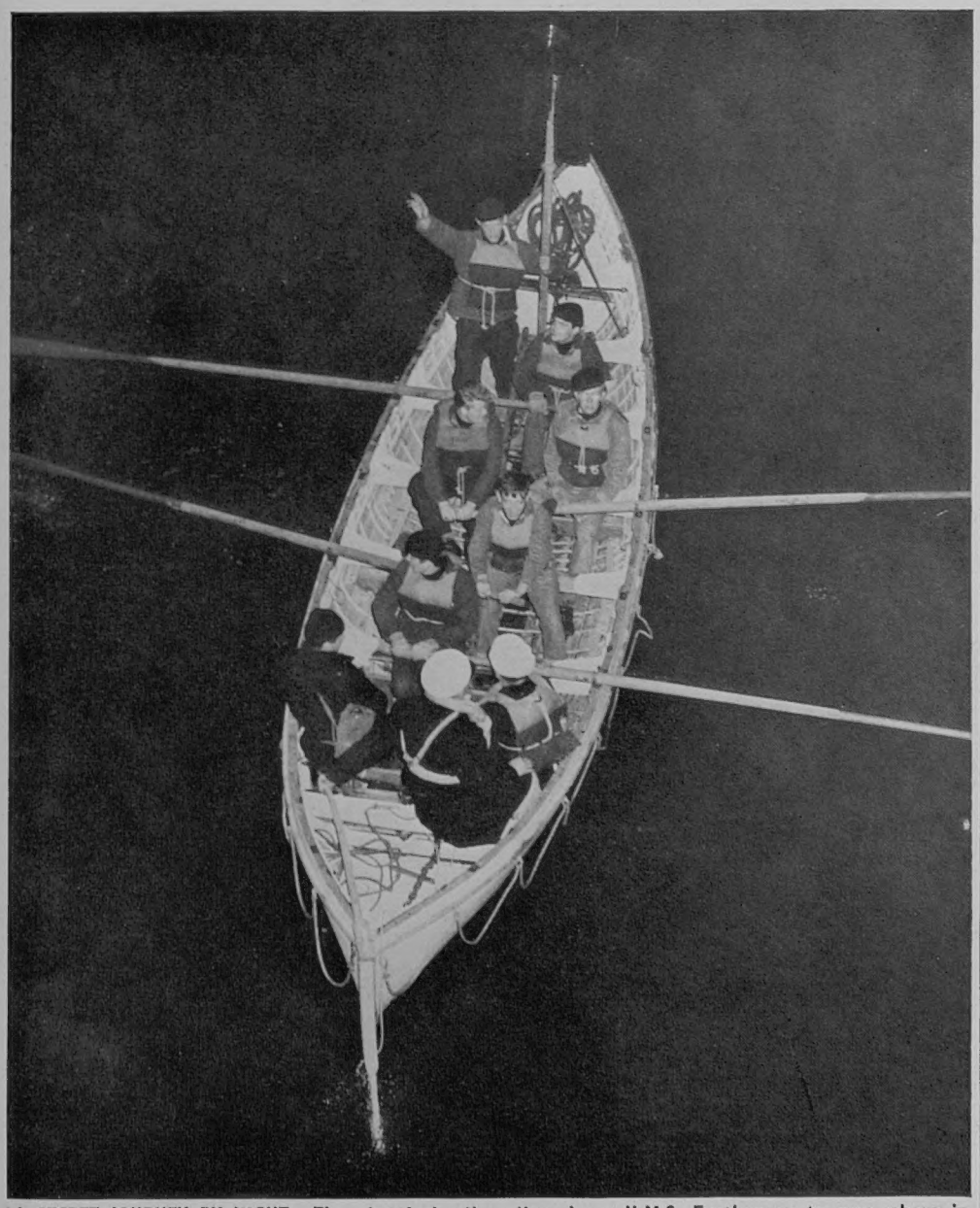
ON PATROL IN THE DISPUTED WATERS : The Icelandic gunboat *Hermoder*, left, circles round the trawler *Brontes*, caught, unguarded, fishing within the twelve-mile limit. The Icelandic Government's decree restricting fishing up to a twelve-mile limit has been ignored by British trawlers.

IN ICELAND'S DISPUTED WATERS

More Incidents in the "Fish War" Between British Trawlers and Frigates and Icelandic Gunboats

After nearly a month of tension in the disputed waters off the south-east, north and west coasts of Iceland, current affrays must be termed as tragi-comical. The first occurred when trawlermen pelted a passing gunboat with potatoes. The Icelanders retaliated by flinging pieces of dried cod at the trawlers. This was followed by the peculiar affair of the nine Icelandic sailors taken aboard H.M.S. *Eastbourne* as "guests." When they wished to leave, the gunboat *Thor* refused to take them back on board, so the British frigate had to sail, in darkness, to within a mile of the coast to enable the sailors to row themselves ashore. When the landing was discovered, Iceland protested that the *Eastbourne's* action was a violation of international rules. Finally, an air of frivolity has crept in. The gunboat *Albert*, finding the frigate *Russell* alone, signalled: "Has the shepherd lost his sheep?" The *Russell* replied: "Leave them alone. They will come home, dragging their trawls behind them." The gunboat signalled back: "When they are alone, and you have gone home, we shall certainly find them."

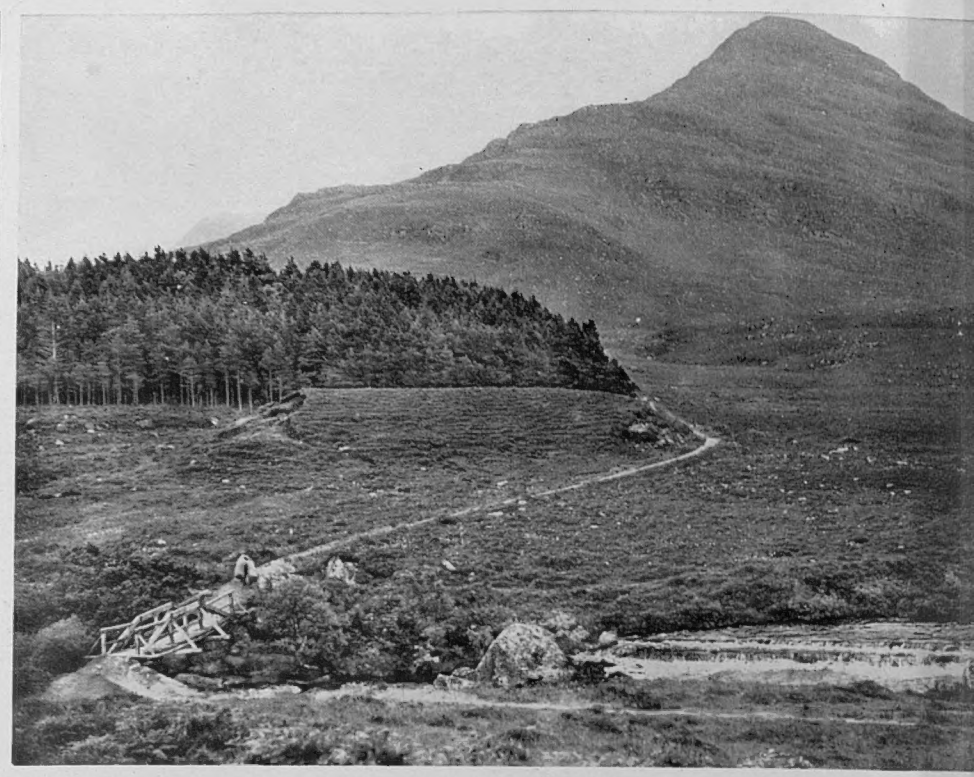
ICELANDERS' FRIENDSHIP WITH BRITISH CREW : The nine men from the Icelandic gunboat *Thor*, who were taken aboard H.M.S. *Eastbourne* as "guests" for nine days during fishing-limit incidents, are seen on the deck of the frigate, flagship of the Fishery Protection Squadron.



A SECRET JOURNEY BY NIGHT : The nine Icelandic sailors leave H.M.S. *Eastbourne* to row ashore in a whaler. The frigate had sailed to within a mile of the Icelandic coast before the whaler cast off. The journey was made secretly, under cover of darkness, because the *Thor*, the Icelandic gunboat from which the sailors came, had refused to take them back on board.

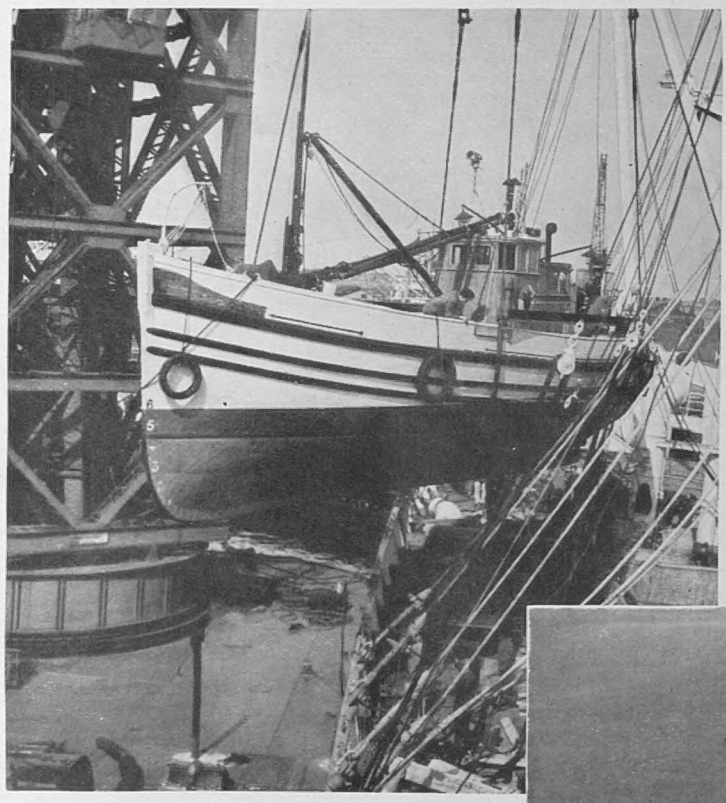
TALKS ON FAROES FISHING LIMITS: Mr. John Hare, Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, left, welcomes Mr. Viggo Kampmann, leader of the Danish Fishery Delegation which is seeking a revision of the Anglo-Danish Fisheries Agreement of 1955. Since the Geneva Conference failed to reach agreement, and since the Anglo-Danish Agreement has seven more years to run, it remains in force and British trawlers will be able to continue to fish round the Faroes to within a three-mile limit. In June the Faroes authorities declared that they no longer considered themselves bound by it, and their fears that foreign trawlers, debarred from Icelandic waters, might crowd into their own, have increased as the Icelandic dispute has intensified. The Danish Government, responsible for Faroese foreign relations, rejected the Faroese view of the Anglo-Danish Agreement, but they are under pressure from the islanders, who might vote for separation at the elections to the Faroese Parliament if the Danes fail to protect Faroese fishing interests.

A PATTERN IN A SCOTTISH FIELD—HARVESTING AFTER THE STORMS: The apparently erratic cutting in the harvest field at Haugh of Sluie, west of Banchory, in Kincardineshire, has been done deliberately. Patches of crop were laid almost flat by the recent heavy rains and the cutting machine was driven at various angles to avoid the patches. The spells of warm, dry weather earlier this month were of considerable help to farmers in many parts of Britain after the heavy storms and rain of the preceding weeks.



THE ROUTE FOR A NEW ROAD IN SCOTLAND: The footpath runs below the steep slopes at Sheildag, in Wester Ross, on the north-west coast of Scotland. Plans are being put forward by the local authorities for the construction of a seven-mile road in this area. It would meet a much-needed requirement and link Sheildag with Torridon. The cost is estimated at £120,000. Loch Torridon is one of the little-known parts of Scotland owing to its inaccessibility because of the lack of roads. A private road runs along the south side of the loch from Torridon, but stops short at a footbridge at Bridge of Balgy, three miles from Sheildag, and a motorist must make a wide detour to reach the latter place. The new road would overcome this impasse and should attract many tourists to the splendid local scenery. Indeed, no less an authority than Mr. Eric Linklater has compared the charms of Torridon with such world-famous beauty spots as the Vale of Kashmir and the Inland Sea of Japan. The better transport facilities would also undoubtedly benefit the local economy. The scheme was discussed between local officials and representatives of the Scottish Home Department last week.

PICTURES FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC



On left—

AN ADDITION TO THE FISHING FLEET OF GHANA: The fishing vessel *Provider* is loaded aboard the freighter *Elizabeth Holt* at Tilbury Docks, in Essex, on the estuary of the River Thames, for shipment to Accra, in Ghana. She will join a fishing fleet of four other powered vessels operating from the capital of Ghana. *Provider* displaces 46 tons and is equipped for herring fishing. She will be the largest fishing-boat on the coast of Ghana.

IN THE CAVES OF SPRING VALLEY: Resembling a modern tunnel under construction, this cavern forms part of an eleven-mile system of caves in Minnesota, U.S.A., recently explored for the first time. This particular cave is more than 3,700 ft. long, 30 to 40 ft. wide and 60 ft. high. The entire system is believed to have been formed thousands of years ago by streams of rushing water carving through the softer sections of rock. This picture was taken with a time exposure, as seven flash-bulbs were fired singly at various distances to illuminate the cavern.

A SHORT DELAY IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF A NEW CAUSEWAY IN THE UNITED STATES: Water swirls across a 2,000-ft. gap in the new earth-filled causeway across the Great Salt Lake in Utah. The section had slipped under water during construction work on the project which is to replace the twelve-mile-long causeway seen in the top right-hand corner of the picture. The present structure is of wood and carries the railway across the lake. The delay in the new causeway (described as a "couple of weeks") is not regarded as serious, as the construction work is a year ahead of schedule.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

IF YOU ARE WEATHER-TIRED of listening in to depressions over the Atlantic and rain spreading across the entire country, take my advice and switch off. Life was much more pleasant when we were optimistic enough to rely on old sayings such as " Rain before seven, fine before eleven " and " Red sky in the morning, shepherds' warning," and so on.

These meteorological experts are not always right, and more reliable prognostics of the weather are animals and flowers who are conscious of changes of atmosphere sooner than humans. Did you know, for instance, that when rain is imminent, the mole throws up more earth than usual ?

Here is a selection of hotels which, because of their locality, are more likely to have the best of the weather that October can bestow on us, and by the same token they can be considered for convalescence or winter residence.

For country-lovers, jaded town dwellers and all appreciative of good food and wine, Gravetye Manor Hotel—an enlarged Elizabethan mansion near East Grinstead—is " something out of this world." The more so because it is under an hour's journey from London by road or rail, stands at the end of a mile-long drive, and is surrounded by grounds famous, among keen gardeners, for the late Mr. William Robinson's collection of specimen trees, shrubs and flowers. From its elevated position in the valley, views extend over miles of Forestry Commission property immune for all time from the hands of speculative builders.

Some hoteliers might consider it folly to try to run an hotel a mile from any public road, but you will recall Emerson's words : " If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbour, tho he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

Mr. Peter G. Herbert, Director of the Gore Hotel, Queen's Gate, S.W.7, and his colleagues, took this calculated risk. They knew that the lure of good food and wine is always a magnet of attraction, and they realised that there was an opening within daily reach of London for such an hotel and visualised its attraction to overseas' visitors who would be fascinated by such a setting.

The stone mullion windows, the parquet floors, the spacious and elegant lounge floor and bedrooms adapt themselves admirably for Gravetye's new role as a country house hotel. The house, cared for by its predecessors, has all modern comforts, an excellent central-heating system and log fires. Several famous golf courses are within easy reach and Glyndebourne is only half an hour's car journey away.

How to reach Gravetye ? Briefly, it is on the West Hoathley side of East Grinstead, but for detailed travel directions, write to Mr. and Mrs. John Kerr, resident managers (names that are well known to all Sussex gastronomes).

What more perfect an English setting could one awaken to than the vista from most of the bedrooms of the Balmer Lawn Hotel at Brockenhurst. Forest ponies, a lone donkey—not yet awake—flora and fauna blending with century-old trees ; perhaps some riders coming in from a pre-breakfast canter, for riding stables adjoin the hotel.

We have known Balmer Lawn for years, but now our interest has been re-aroused since Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Barrand acquired it, and put it back on the New Forest map as not only good to look on but well worth stepping into.

Renewals and repairs were not entirely complete when we paid our last two visits in 1958, but the pattern was emerging. We found that the dining-room, lounges and cocktail bar had been furnished in a way that complements the character and proportions of the house. Most of the bedrooms had been renovated while retaining the original furniture.

The catering we experienced was prepared with care, and plentiful menus offered a good choice. It is well suited, we thought, for many of the hotel's patrons, whose out-of-door pursuits range from golf, tennis, squash to hunting or following the New Forest Foxhounds and the local Buck Hounds, Beagles and Otter Hounds.

For country-lovers seeking a mild winter climate, the pursuits of the Forest, plus ease of access to London, Bournemouth and Southampton (Brockenhurst is a main-line express train stop), this centrally-heated, comfortable hotel is well worth investigating, especially by bridge enthusiasts, for a bridge club meets in the hotel during the off-holiday season months. Certainly the winter visitor need have no feelings of being buried alive, for being in the heart of the New Forest one can always feel the social and sporting pulse at Balmer Lawn.

The west shore of Llandudno is, as the name implies, the West End, and quiet part of the resort. Here, facing the sea, Snowdonia and Anglesey, you will find Gogarth Abbey Hotel, once the home of the Liddell family and the house where Lewis Carroll wrote a large part of *Alice in Wonderland.*

Now a well-appointed hotel, under the same ownership for many years, and managed capably by Miss McIntosh, it is a popular place for both in and out-of-season holidays. We were particularly interested to hear that the hotel is open throughout the year for, with central heating in the public rooms and a south aspect (difficult to find on this coast), it makes an excellent autumn or winter retreat. Several comfortable lounges, and a wonderful view from the dining-room, plus attractive menus, were other noticeable points. The facilities of Llandudno are well known, though golfers may not realise that there are no fewer than six 18-hole golf courses within easy reach.

Our last choice is Highfield Manor Hotel, Northam, near Bideford, which is run by Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Smith, the latter an expert cook, so you are assured of good food with practically everything home-made.

Seven acres of grounds, as well as providing for kitchen needs, include tree-shaded lawns from which to enjoy the view—a magnificent one embracing the sea, the Torridge Estuary, with Saunton and the Royal North Devon Golf Course beyond.

BOURNEMOUTH. BOURNE HALL HOTEL
(100 rooms) under progressive direction of Mrs. R. J. Bray, offers first-class accommodation from 10 gns. Lift. Central heating. Television. Private bath. Lock-ups. Bridge, Billiards. Convenient for sea, shops, shows, station. Westbourne 63333.

BOURNEMOUTH. LINDEN HALL HOTEL
Where the weather is never a major factor but offers every kind of indoor amusement, including heated swimming-pool, dancing, cinema and miniature theatre. Tel.: Boscombe 33533.

CHESTER. THE BLOSSOMS
The atmosphere of the past, the amenities of the present and food and wine to be remembered are characteristics of this famous hotel; a landmark for three centuries in this lovely old city. Advance reservations are advisable. Tel.: 23186.

CIRENCESTER, Gloucestershire. KING'S HEAD
Where Roundheads and Royalists once clashed, modern travellers enjoy a bedroom with private bath, and excellent food in a gay restaurant. Tel.: 677.

NR. HERSTMONCEUX, Sussex. WHITE FRIARS
An hotel of quiet distinction for restful week-ends or late holidays (convenient for golf and riding). Buttery open to non-residents. Tel.: 3299.

NEW FOREST, HINTON. EAST CLOSE HOTEL
Enjoy the pursuits of the Forest (sands 3 miles) in a country house noted for food and cellar. Tel.: Bransgore 404.

JERSEY, C.I. ST. BRELADES BAY HOTEL
In Britain's farthest south, a delightful spot for Autumn holidays. An unparalleled position facing sun, sands and sea. We provide first-class food and service for the discriminating. Nightly dinner-dances. Cocktail lounge. Television. Write now for brochure.

KESWICK, ENGLISH LAKES. LODORE SWISS HOTEL
60 rooms. Private Bathrooms. Central Heating. New Continental Cocktail Bar—SWISS CUISINE. Children's Nursery, Resident Nurse. Tennis Court. Bathing, fishing, boating. Personal supervision Mrs. M. M. England (SWISS). Res. Prop., R. A. England and M. M. England. Tel.. Borrowdale 227.

NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON. HOWARD HOTEL
Situated on the boundary of the City and West End, yet free from the noise and bustle of the main thoroughfare. There are 200 rooms, each with hot and cold running water, many with private bath. Restaurant—Cocktail Bar—Rooms for Meetings and private functions. By TEMPLE and ALDWYCH Stations. Brochure and quotations for individual requirements forwarded on request. *Telephone :* Temple Bar 4400.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First-class, 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine ; fully licensed. Phone all rooms ; suites. Central heating throughout. Hard tennis, Putting, Billiards. Adjoins Golf Club. Sunnyhill 3341.

LYTHAM, Lancashire. CLIFTON ARMS
Visiting Lancashire—and would appreciate a private bathroom, excellent cuisine and service plus a quiet healthy sea aspect ? Then this is the hotel to make for. Tel. : Lytham 6245.

CHESTER or MERSEYSIDE. Visiting either on business or pleasure, please note
CRAXTON WOOD HOTEL and CLUB
(on Chester/Hoylake road) for luxurious comfort and country house contentment. Tel. : Hooton 3111.

NINFIELD, Sussex. MOOR HALL HOTEL
For a congenial country-house atmosphere. Riding stables. Golf (Cooden Beach 4 miles, Highwoods 3 miles). Hard tennis court. Saturday dinner dances. Tel. : Ninfield 330.

NR. MELKSHAM, Wilts. SANDRIDGE PARK HOTEL
(6 miles off Bath Road). So deliciously quiet and different for meals or for nights. Admirable cooking. Licensed. Tel.: Melksham 3388.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. VICTORIA HOTEL
Open all year and with full key staff offers exceptional value—from 9 gns. a week inclusive—for those seeking congenial winter quarters. Menus of ample choice. Plenty of warmth and service. Lift. Billiards and bridge. COME and be spoilt ! Tel. : 951.

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. OATLANDS PARK HOTEL
Stay in warmth and comfort in one of Britain's best-run Country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Sporting Golf Course, Tennis, Squash, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing—all free to residents. 60 acres grounds. 150 rooms (many with private bath). Self-contained suites. Moderate incl. terms. Brochure. Weybridge 4242.

THE WEATHER ?

" The hollow winds begin to blow ;
The clouds look black, the glass is low ,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep ;
and spiders from their cobwebs creep "

—and so on for fifty lines ! (*full stanza sent on request*). Fortunately we have not to bother about these portents of foul weather in our sunny position overlooking Torbay. So why not have an autumn or winter holiday with us, for whatever the weather we can offer all the comfort, cuisine, and warmth of a very first class hotel.

THE GRAND, TORQUAY
ALWAYS A GOOD ADDRESS IN ALL SEASONS
Write Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Paul. Tel : 25234.

Eilean Donan Castle, standing at the foot of Loch Duich, with Loch Alsh and the Mountains of Skye in the distance.

DEWAR'S

IS THE SCOTCH

— it never varies